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TIME FOR CONCILIATION?

THERE are plenty of reasons to explain the extreme bitterness of the Foreign Office reaction to the "interference" by Dr. Evatt and Mr. Trygve Lie in the Berlin dispute. Legalistically it can be argued that, since the matter is still before the Security Council, it is for Dr. Bramuglia, the Council's Chairman, and not for Dr. Evatt, the President of the Assembly, to mediate. Moreover, Ministers are inevitably irritated when an Australian Foreign Minister seems to put their case on a level with that of the Russians and to assume that their objections to "negotiations under duress" have been invalidated by the negotiations which they have, in fact, carried on under duress since last July. In Whitehall Mr. Evatt has been relegated to the category of "stabbers in the back"; and in America Mr. Truman has made it clear that he, too, has been persuaded to give up any idea he had of trying to break the deadlock either by bilateral talks or by recalling the Foreign Ministers' Conference. Confident that the air-lift can be continued indefinitely, the Western Powers have decided to act first and talk afterwards; that is, to face the Russians with the *faits accomplis* of the Western and Atlantic Unions before showing any eagerness to discuss Berlin. It is because his intervention did not harmonise with this plan that Dr. Evatt is so unpopular in London and Washington.

It may well be that, on the particular issue of Berlin, no settlement is possible as long as East and West are both working for control of the whole of Germany, and as long as the Russians believe they can frustrate the Marshall Plan. In short, Dr. Evatt's intervention was ineffective not merely because he had no new proposals to make (his financial experts' plan for Berlin is apparently not yet ready), but because the psychological moment for conciliation is still far off. Conciliation can only be successful when both sides feel the need of it. In the case of Germany, for very different reasons, both sides are determined to play for time.

But this does not mean that in every area the attempt to achieve an "agreement to disagree" must be postponed. There are a number of peripheral problems in the East-West dispute where conditions are not unfavourable. In both Greece and Palestine, for instance, the belligerents are beginning to discover that outright victory is impossible and that continued hostilities will mean ruin for all concerned. Vaunting hopes are being quenched and the exhaustion is setting in which is the beginning of sanity. Here, then, there is a real chance for action by Uno; and, in the case of Greece, the Australians are surely right in urging that the contestants should be persuaded to sit down together and seek a settlement in which ideological self-righteousness gives place to a concern for the Greek people. What is needed is not a solution imposed by Uno but direct negotiations facilitated by it. In the same way Uno might still back up the Australian-American peace plan in Indonesia, where the Dutch first created Communism as a force by refusing a reasonable settlement to the Republic, against which they now threaten further "police action" although it has successfully put down the Communist rising without Dutch help.

It is possible also that the intractable Palestine problem might yield to the same treatment. A Uno mediator, who seeks to impose his own paper solution through the Security Council or the Assembly, very soon finds himself in the unhappy position of the Mandatory Power before May 15th. Since someone else has assumed responsibility, both sides raise their claims irresponsibly and intrigue behind the scenes. The task of Uno is not to impose anything, but to persuade the contestants to settle their own fate. That is why we prefer the new proposal for an armistice to the attempt by Sir Alexander Cadogan to impose sanctions and revert to the Bernadotte Plan.

It does not follow, however, that because there are chances of successful conciliation in Greece and Palestine, the central problem of Germany can be dealt with by similar methods. Ever since his fight at San Francisco against the veto, Dr. Evatt has shown an eagerness to win a place for Australia and the small nations in the diplomatic sun. We welcome his ambition and his energy; for without it Uno would become merely the sounding board for Great Power political warfare. But he and Trygve Lie would be well advised to concentrate in the first instance on those secondary problems which give a real prospect of success. When an "agreement to disagree" has been shown to be an effective cure for one or two of the smaller blisters on the body of world politics, it will be time to apply the same treatment to the gaping wounds of Germany.

The End of a Dynasty?

At any moment the strategic cross-roads at Suchow will be in the hands of the Communists. Between Suchow and Nanking it is, militarily, a straight run over plains. The Nationalist Government claims that a stand will be made at Pengpu; but the weary Kuomintang troops are likely to make a somewhat perfunctory resistance, even if none of their generals follow the example of some in the Northern campaign, who have already decided that desertion to the Communists is the better policy. Meanwhile the problem to be considered by the Kuomintang Government is what to do about Nanking. Mr. Wellington Koo, Chinese Ambassador in Washington, has mournfully asked for a statement of "sympathy, solidarity and support" from the State Department—a characteristically Wellingtonian phrase meaning more and more dollars and all aid short of war. He promised the Americans that the loss of Nanking would not end his Government's unrelenting campaign against the Communists, a well-worn phrase used since 1927 with a short tactical interval during the world war. Chiang Kai-shek, he said, would move to another capital. But it is very unlikely that the Government could survive the loss of Nanking, and Chiang Kai-shek's statement last week that China must prepare for eight more years of war on the Communists, and that China's only hope of peace is a defeat of the Communists on the battlefield, must be considered as a peculiarly desperate attempt to save face. His American friend, Mr. Leighton Stuart, the Ambassador to China, has now informed him that almost all uniformed members of the joint United States military advisory group will soon leave, whilst the Consulates in Shanghai, Peking and Tientsin have advised their 7,000 civilians to leave before they find themselves under "hazardous conditions." And—a further indication of the serious view taken in Washington—the question of the American fleet anchorage in Tsingtao is now being considered. There are 38 American vessels there which the Communists could take with little difficulty if and when they want to use this naval base. All things considered, China seems nearing the end of another dynasty.

What Next, Mr. President?

Mr. Truman must have had a worrying post-election vacation in Florida. Technically, the electors gave him everything he wanted. Now begins the much more difficult political task of carrying out the multitude of campaign promises, of settling the problem left by the Dixiecrat rebellion, particularly in the Senate, and of bringing his Cabinet into line with the more liberal elements in his party which turned the tide when all seemed lost. The punishment of some Dixiecrats has started: Federal office-holders in the South who backed the Thurmond revolt are being replaced by regular Democrats who stayed loyal. But this process has to stop somewhere. Mr. Truman and Democratic Chairman McGrath know they must teach dissidents a lesson, but they cannot ignore the necessity of reconciling at least a substantial part of the Southern delegation in the House and Senate. It is impossible to reorganise either House with such indifference to established seniority rules that the grip of the South is wholly broken. Yet liberals and labour organisations in the North, after what they believe to be their own triumph, will not be easily placated if the progressive Democratic platform is emasculated by Southern conservatives. It is Mr. Roosevelt's old dilemma: but now Mr. Truman really must face it. His success depends, first, upon whom leadership in Congress falls; secondly, upon his Cabinet. Mr. Forrestal, Mr. Lovett and Mr. Marshall cannot stay for long if Truman carries through his programme. The first two virtually campaigned for the Republicans: Mr. Marshall took the main burden of the Presidency too much upon himself, and too publicly, while the President campaigned. Only Mr. Brannan and Mr. Tobin, Secretaries of Agriculture and Labour respectively, and both liberals, really fought for the party leader. Mr. Truman will need similar colleagues if he genuinely means to fulfil his pledges.

Why Greeks Rebel

Dr. Evatt's intercession has induced the Greek Government to postpone the execution of the ten seamen's leaders accused of raising funds and recruits for the rebels. In refusing to associate himself with this move for conciliation, Mr. Bevin lagged behind public opinion, as Uno reflects it. Postponement in this case does not yet mean reprieve; there are, moreover, other cases as scandalous which call for prompt intervention. Two days before the seamen were tried, the same court-martial sentenced Manolis Glezos, formerly editor of the Communist *Rizospastis,* to death; he now awaits execution. His offence was that more than a year ago he published an article signed by the secretary of his party, N. Zahariades, which is now regarded as seditious, though at the time no steps were taken by the censorship to suppress or penalise his newspaper for its appearance. His real offence was something different. In May, 1941, early in the German Occupation, Glezos, then a youth of 19, climbed the Acropolis at night, hauled down the swastika and raised the Greek flag. For this defiance, which greatly encouraged the cowed Athenians, the Germans sentenced him to death, but he managed to evade them. At his trial on October 16, after a year's detention, the Public Prosecutor, one Mahairas, described him thus:

> To form a proper idea of the foul soul of this accused scoundrel, you must go back to May, 1941, when this criminal carried out the base and despicable act of tearing down the German flag from the Acropolis. This he did out of hatred towards the Greek people, and thus gave the Germans the first pretext to attack our innocent people, who condemned his act. This was the first count in the diabolical record of this vile criminal. His head must fall.

The death sentence was too much even for the governmental press; *Kathemerini, Vema* and *Eleftheria* recalled the popularity of Glezos and asked for a reprieve. After this specimen of the collaborationist spirit in which these savage trials are conducted, will Mr. Bevin still hesitate to intervene? That is his right and his duty, so long as he maintains our troops on Greek soil.

Weak Link in "Marshall Europe"

Reports from Paris suggest that, in framing its comprehensive Four-Year Plan for European recovery, O.E.E.C. is running up against one basic difficulty: many of the national plans assume a level of exports to other members of the Sixteen Nations' Group, which are found, on checking, to be quite incompatible with the economies in imports which the assumed recipients propose in *their* plans to make. This applies to the French plan, but even more strongly to the plan lodged by Italy. This presupposes an increase in Italian exports from 60 per cent. to-day to at least 100 per cent. of the 1938 level, while production is to be raised to 140 per cent. of the 1938 figure. In the light of current Italian experience, these assumptions look unrealistic. The extreme deflectionary policy initiated by President Einandi during his term at the Finance Ministry has left Italian industry stagnant: production is running at barely 80 per cent. of the pre-war volume, and exports, which still cover only half the cost of imports, show few signs of expansion. It is obvious that Italian recovery depends on the utilisation of a high proportion of Marshall Aid in capital projects and the mechanisation of agriculture. But, with unemployment well in excess of two million and under-employment in factories at a serious level, the Government will be under heavy pressure from the Left in Parliament to use the resources accruing from E.R.P. to finance unemployment relief and to subsidise retail prices.

Longer Conscript Service?

Very soon the Government will be forced to come to a decision on the awkward problem of the length of conscript service. The three months' postponement of demob. was a costly stop-gap which has accentuated the problem it was supposed to solve. On December 14th the dam will be removed and the flood will pour through the sluice, carrying with it into civilian life the officers and N.C.O.s who are so desperately needed to train the conscripts. What will happen then? There are two possibilities. Either the Government forgoes the call-up altogether for a period, thus releasing for active service a large number of the 48,000 of professional soldiers now engaged on training. This would be the quickest way of increasing the effective strength of the Army and the Air Force, but it would have serious long-term consequences for our trained reserve. Another solution, with which Mr. Alexander is toying, is *formally* to extend the period of service for all conscripts to two years; but actually, by a lavish use of medical boards and special concessions to "reserved occupations," to cut down the number called up. In this way he would have fewer conscripts serving a much longer period instead of all the men of one age group serving one year. No doubt for military purposes this would be effective, but the social objections are formidable. The whole argument for conscription was that it fell equally on everyone, and such a selective draft would cause a legitimate outcry. Probably the Government will be driven to it by the muddle and confusion of its policy during the last two years. But in the last resort the only real remedy is an increase in the size of the professional army and a reduction in the extent of our foreign commitments.

Steel—First Round

Mr. George Strauss, in his opening speech on the Steel Bill, rightly took the line that the only real choice about the industry's future is between public control with public ownership and public control without ownership. A system of unregulated private enterprise is out of the question, and is not even wanted by the Iron and Steel Federation itself, because the Federation needs State assistance and knows that it cannot have this without some control. Thus, arguments based on the merits of "free enterprise" are ruled out from the start. Why, then, prefer nationalisation, of the sort proposed in the Bill, to a continuance of control? Mr. Strauss's cogent answer is that control, without ownership, is a purely negative instrument: it can be used to stop things, but not to get them done. But what the steel industry needs is a positive policy of expansion to a level of productive capacity which is both beyond the power of private enterprise to finance, and beyond its will to achieve; its financial leaders regard the capacity required for national recovery as in excess of what can be profitably employed in face of a slump, and are therefore unwilling to comply with the long-term requirements of the Government's recovery plans. Moreover, the expansion needs to be carried out in such a way as to re-locate and re-balance the industry, irrespective of the divisions of the existing ownership. It calls for unified control of policy, which involves unified ownership, though not unified management. This is the basis of the flexible scheme which Mr. Strauss and his advisers have produced; and the Minister, in his opening speech, made a forcible defence of his plan and at the same time replied effectively to those of his critics who are now claiming that, if steel shares are to be made public property, the taxpayers ought at any rate to be forced to pay for them much more than they are worth.

Reshaping the N.C.B.

The Bill to reconstitute the National Coal Board raises a number of questions. Such a service as the B.B.C. can be run with a Board consisting of part-time members because the clear intention is that the Board shall only supervise, and not administer the service, which is in fact administered by the Director-General and his assistants. The N.C.B., on the other hand, is a fully responsible body of administrators; and hitherto the chief question raised in connection with it has been whether its members should specialise functionally on particular aspects of its work or should have a collective office and responsibility covering the entire field. The argument from experience has been going against the former, and in favour of the latter, solution. If, however, part-time members are to be added, will not the entire character of the Board be changed? Such members, if they are chosen as, in effect, representative of consuming or other special interests, will not be able to avoid a conflict of loyalties. If, on the other hand, they are chosen simply for their personal qualities, what is the advantage of having only a part, rather than the whole, of their time and energy? The answer may be that men who cannot be spared for full-time work may be able to bring valuable corrective points of view to bear on the Board's policy; and there is something to be said for this, provided it does not get muddled up with the representation of sectional interests. Such representation may well be a good thing; but surely it should be, not on a responsible *administrative* Board, but on a consultative and critical body empowered to make representations, but not itself to settle policy. We are only asking questions at this stage, and suspending judgment until it has been explained more clearly what purpose the proposed changes are meant to serve.

PARLIAMENT: Steel Debated

In home affairs, the Tories have for some time tried to make Cripps their darling, as in foreign affairs they have adopted Bevin. "Cripps? Oh, he's all right. Used to be a bit wild, but he's settled down pretty well." Lately, they have become accustomed to praise him for his gift of lucid exposition, his willingness to face facts and his courage in telling the nation the unpleasant truth.

Well, there he was at the Despatch box on Tuesday night, lucidly exposing, facing facts and telling the unpleasant truth. The only difficulty was that he was speaking about the nationalisation of iron and steel, and the Tories didn't like it. The whisper went quickly round the Tory benches. Quick, somebody! Cripps has had a relapse. Churchill watched him warily, tugged on the one side by admiration for his technical performance, on the other by distaste for the Socialist robbers.

Towards the end of Cripps' speech, Churchill began to accompany him with a mumbled *obbligato*, a ring-side commentary spoken into an invisible microphone and, apparently, audible only to the Tory Chief Whip.

Cripps' phrases about the "attack on the citadel of power of the property owners" evoked in the minds of the Tories the once familiar image of Cripps as Robespierre, and they added their increasingly angry interruptions to Churchill's. Cripps was not to be diverted from the regular stride of his speech. He spoke as a champion of democracy against sectional power and against Communism.

That completed the Tory fury. To them it seemed the final act of effrontery that Cripps, after advocating nationalisation, should dare claim to be a bulwark against Communism. Amid a roar of Tory cheers and Labour protest, Churchill rose to interrupt. Cripps refused to give way; he had only three minutes left. "Look at the Communists behind you," yelled one Tory member, indicating with a comprehensive sweep of his hand the whole of the Labour benches. The Speaker jumped to his feet. "Order!" he shouted. The House fell into a dead silence, and Cripps quietly ended his speech. As the Tories left the Chamber, they looked back at him with all the ardour of love turned sour.

On Monday, when the Debate began, it seemed hardly likely that it would yield so much excitement. The Church House detective story, creeping along the tape-machine, provided, with its ugly theme and bewildering plot, a strong counter-attraction. Yet the speeches on the first day would normally have marked a debate of the highest order. George Strauss knew the Bill and his speech backwards. In clarity of interpretation, he bears some resemblance to Cripps, and a striking dissimilarity to Lyttelton who followed him.

Lyttelton knows more about the operation of large-scale industry than most men in the House. Yet, his floundering manner at the despatch-box is like that of a dolphin on a beach. Good-humoured and amiable, he seems to long for another element.

Stanley Evans spoke as a Labour Member who is also a business man. A few of the younger Tories had recently made a tour of steel-works, and came to the House with decided impressions about nationalisation. Evans had also visited a steel-works recently, but had the added advantage that he was already an expert on steel. Together with Marshall and E. L. Mallalieu, he helped to make an irresistible case for steel nationalisation. The most vigorous Tory back-bench speech came from Martin Lindsay. It ended with the mournful prospect for his Labour friends and acquaintances that if they voted for the Bill, he would in future have to "cut" them.

On the Labour side, Jack Jones, an ex-steel worker, in a compound of personal reminiscence, parable and plain trouncing, made it clear that he knew better than the Opposition what the steel industry needed. In his maiden speech from the Despatch Box, he upbraided Churchill for speaking of Tired Tims and Weary Willies. Churchill said that Jones "in all his simple honesty" was mistaken. That is indeed the paternalism which, however strong the Tories may be on compensation and similar matters, makes them weak in their understanding of the working-class, which has little affection for a paternal society.

Maurice Edelman

THE FUTURE OF UNESCO

The Third General Conference of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation, meeting this week in Beirut, is the occasion for recrimination—with, unfortunately, a lot of justification. Some of the disappointment at Unesco's performance is, of course, illogical. Many people apparently expected the organisation to be born, like Minerva, complete with all its faculties and fully armed for the defence of peace and good international understanding. This was too much to expect; we have to remind ourselves that Unesco—beset from birth with the ailments of the post-war world—is still only two years old. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that its growth and achievement (which should not be under-estimated) could have been much greater, and Unesco's prestige much higher.

The Charter given to Unesco at its birth was an inspiring document, beginning with Mr. Attlee's words: "Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men we must build the defences of peace . . ." Perhaps it was too inspiring, since it produced from the Preparatory Commission a document so ambitious, and so woolly, that the leader of the American delegation to the First General Conference in Paris, Mr. William Benton, described it as "a pork barrel floating on a cloud." But the attempts to get realism into this Surrealism were not helped by the Americans, who wanted the new organisation forthwith to remove all barriers to free communication, assuage all tensions leading to war, and launch out on mass-communications projects which would have cost a billion dollars—all on a budget which the U.S. proceeded to cut to seven millions.

A further complication was that Soviet Russia boycotted Unesco, as it has all the U.N. specialised agencies with the exception of the World Health Organisation. In Unesco's case this abstention was a particularly serious impediment, since it is concerned with the realm of ideas. If Unesco talks about the rest of the world to Russia, it is "cultural intervention"; if it talks about Russia to the rest of the world, it is impertinence. But Western politics are not blameless. When the first Conference rejected Mr. Truman's nominee (Mr. Francis Biddle) as Director-General, it became evident that the Americans did not want Dr. Julian Huxley, who had been temporarily Secretary-General of the Preparatory Commission, to be the permanent incumbent. The compromise was a term of office restricted to two years instead of six, undue subordination of the Director-General to an Executive Board, and an American Deputy Director-General, with an administration which was entirely American in structure and largely American in personnel.

Politics also entered into the choice of Paris as Unesco's headquarters. The French were naturally anxious to have Paris as the "cultural capital" of the world; and, for a consideration of 250,000 dollars a year in rent and maintenance, they offered Unesco the Hotel Majestic. Mr. J. B. Priestley, delegate for Britain, created a diplomatic incident by daring to suggest that post-war Paris would be the wrong atmosphere. But the French had already "fixed" the Americans; Paris was chosen, and Priestley's warning has been more than justified: the miasma of French cynicism has penetrated Unesco House.

A great deal of fuss has been made recently, in the Commons and elsewhere, about the French cashier who lost about a thousand pounds of Unesco's money at the races. A defaulting cashier can happen in the best-regulated business, but the consequences to Unesco were much more serious than the loss of the money. The incident, and the financial muddle it revealed, provided the excuse for saddling Unesco with an administrative incubus which now threatens to stifle its creative existence. The nations at Beirut are being asked to provide 8,500,000 dollars for next year's budget. That is about half what the U.S. State Department spends in projecting the American Way of Life, and about the same as the British Council spends in explaining our particular brand of culture. It is only a fraction of what Unesco ought to be spending if it was equipped, and allowed, to do its job properly. *But nearly half of that budget goes in housekeeping and book-keeping.*

There are eight programme departments—the creative side of Unesco on which such high hopes were based. There are also eight administrative bureaux superimposed on those creative departments. There are the Office of the Director-General (including the D.D.G.), with a staff of 18, at a cost of $207,000; External Relations (24)—$282,000; Administration and Budget (17)—$166,000; Comptroller (31)—$200,000; Personnel (33)—$240,000; Central Administrative Services (210)—$1,023,000; and Bureau of Conference Planning (10)—$60,000. There is also an item, "Common Services" (not to be confused with "Central Administrative Services") budgeted at $1,047,000, and "General Policy" (the cost of next year's conference and of the executive meetings)—$314,000. The total staff of Unesco is 729, of whom half are in the programme sections with the other half looking after them. The effect is to discourage the good men (and the tax-free salaries were scaled to attract the best) and either drive them out or stop them joining. By default, little men become important and exalt themselves like stage acrobats by having as many men under them as they can.

All this was cruelly plain a year ago, and the U.K. delegation tried one experiment in revitalising the organisation. It proposed at Mexico City an Ideas Bureau—a "whiff of oxygen," it was called at the time. It was to be a small, carefully chosen group, whose job it would be to look at the world from a different point of view from the calamity headline writers, and to find evidence of hopeful co-operation instead of eternal "narking." Peoples do get along in spite of the politicians: there is a common humanity and plenty of examples of human excellence; there is a whole sphere of practical help and mutual assistance, independent of ideologies. The Bureau was to promote these ideals—seizing upon topical instances—through press, film and radio; the merit of the ideals themselves would provide their own motive power. Unesco has not the resources to produce feature films or radio-productions; but, if the "ideas" were worthwhile, the professionals already engaged in press, film and radio would do the producing, and the international ideal would become "box-office." Financially, Unesco's contribution would be to provide facilities instead of spending large sums on administration or on elaborate "processing."

But no. According to next year's budget, the (now re-titled) "Projects Bureau" is to have a staff of 30, at a personnel cost of $217,000. It is to do the chores for the mass-communications section; it is to do production; it is to spend money on bringing expert committees together—to decide on things, which, from past experience, will not be done. In this instance, the Secretariat has taken a major decision of the Mexico City Conference and distorted its meaning and intention. The Ideas Bureau, as proposed by the British Delegation, was not just another project; it was a calculated challenge to the administration, and the answer is too flagrant to be ignored.

It is lamentable that the substantial achievements of Unesco—notably in science and also, for the past year (under Dr. Beeby of New Zealand) in the education section—should be clouded by criticism which attaches to the administration. The new Director-General should be given powers, and definite instructions, to reduce that costly incubus and put administration where it belongs, as the servant and not the master of the creative functions of Unesco. He must rout out the job-holders and the ineffectives, and give Unesco a new deal.

WHO OWNS THE RUHR ?

The success of Western Union depends in the last resort on whether the participants are able to resolve their differences about Germany. However great the advances of O.E.E.C. in Paris towards economic co-operation, and of the permanent commissions established under the Brussels Pact for developing military and political union, Western Union will never become a reality so long as Britain, France and America are bitterly disunited about the future of Germany. It is this fact which gives special importance to the French protests against the Anglo-American policy of leaving the decision on the ultimate ownership of the Ruhr industries to the Germans themselves. There is no doubt that on this point France can be over-ridden and be compelled to accept a *fait accompli*. But is it wise to do so?

The question is complicated by the contradictory views held in Paris, London and Washington both on the degree of risk attending a revival of German heavy industry and on the proper means of combating that risk. The French have consistently advocated the policy of separating from the German State, not only the German provinces west of the Rhine but the Ruhr as well, and forming them into independent States on the model of Luxembourg. In view of the excision of East Prussia and Silesia on the East, there is logic in their view. A "united" Germany, deprived of Breslau, is bound to be chauvinist. Would it not therefore be the course of wisdom to perform a second surgical operation in the West so as to render the chauvinism of the "rump" Germany entirely impotent?

This logic, however, did not commend itself either to the British and Americans or to the Russians. In a minority of one, the French retired to their second line of defence, and demanded the internationalisation of the Ruhr industries. Ownership of German iron, coal and steel should be vested in international corporations on which the Germans would hold a minority interest. In the French view this solution, though a second best, might prevent a revival of German militarism and also ensure that Ruhr coal should feed the expanded iron works of Lorraine, thus reducing the concentration of industrial potential in Western Germany.

It is this French plan of internationalisation which has finally and apparently irrevocably been dismissed by the preamble to the Trusteeship plan, under which, last week, management of German heavy industry reverted to the Germans. The French do not object to the plan itself, which they admit to be necessary in order to increase production; nor do they feel the doubts expressed by many British Socialists about the desirability of restoring the old German management. Their opposition is not Socialist, but nationalist. Indeed they regard Mr. Bevin's policy of nationalisation as just as dangerous as the American support for German free enterprise, since public ownership by the State—as opposed to the Land—would lead to that centralisation which they are determined at all costs to prevent. Internationalisation in their view, if partition is ruled out, is the only available method of holding forty-three million Germans down and ensuring that the Ruhr becomes the servant and not the master of Western Union.

French obstinacy on this point has forced the Labour Government into an uneasy combination with the American administration. American advocates of free enterprise and British advocates of public ownership are united in one point at least, that the Ruhr must remain German. Once having failed to nationalise the Ruhr industries, while we still retained unilateral control of our Zone, we have been compelled to agree to the compromise that, under certain carefully defined safeguards which will be listed in the Occupation Statute, the Western German Government shall itself decide the issue of ownership. Meanwhile, ownership will be vested in German trustees appointed by the military Governors, and the industries managed by the Germans themselves.

This decision might seem to be comparatively harmless, were it not for the social and political developments in Western Germany since currency reform. Dr. Ehardt and his colleagues at Frankfurt have accompanied the drastic liquidation of savings by the abolition of almost every control except that on wages. In an orgy of uncontrolled free enterprise, production has risen phenomenally, and so have prices. In the absence of any land reform or advance to State ownership, the social structure of Western Germany is being restored in the exact pattern of the Weimar Republic; and all those contradictions and social injustices are reappearing which twenty years ago led inexorably to the rise of Fascism. Once again American dollars are pouring in, and American steel magnates are busily advising their German counterparts on schemes for streamlined rationalisation which will make them the unassailable possessors not only of their industrial monopoly but of the German State. Mr. Bevin can argue correctly enough that private ownership has not been re-established by law. But he will hardly deny that every step which has been taken since last June has been away from a controlled economy and towards the restoration of German capitalism. The feeble British efforts at decartelisation have failed, as they were bound to fail, to withstand the demand for higher productive efficiency. If you cannot destroy the monopoly character of British iron and steel without impairing its efficiency, as Mr. Strauss so potently argued last Monday, the chances of achieving the same object in the Ruhr are not very great.

We are faced, in fact, with the virtual certainty that the German State, when it emerges next January, will be firmly in the hands of Right-wing politicians, speaking and acting for the Ruhr industrialists. Moreover, we can expect no support from the French in any efforts we may make to persuade the Germans to decide on public ownership. On this issue the French Government is likely to support the Americans, and to continue its encouragement of the Right-wing Catholic parties and of the separatists in Bavaria. Disunity between the three signatories of the London agreement is being successfully exploited by the reactionary elements in Germany to achieve their ascendancy. At this late hour there is very little the British Government can do about it. It missed the bus in 1946.

There is, however, one encouraging sign. The one-day strike, organised by the German trade unions in protest against the rising cost of living, was carried out with a unanimity and self-discipline which obviously surprised the occupying authorities. This was not a subversive attack by Communists on the Marshall Plan (the Communists were recently resoundingly defeated in the local elections in Rhine-Westphalia), but a demonstration organised by a working-class movement pledged to the Western way of life. It should encourage the Social Democrats to come out openly against the reactionary politicians in Frankfurt and to fight the forthcoming elections on a programme not of chauvinist slogans but of controls and public ownership. The inflation which is now beginning should give such a programme an appeal far beyond the ranks of organised Labour, and a bold lead by Mr. Schumacher on this social issue might compel such important Catholic leaders as Arnold, who rely on working-class votes, to join in the campaign even at the cost of splitting the C.D.U.

But if the non-Communist Left in Germany is to make a real bid for power and to put through a programme on British Socialist lines, it must be assured of support from this country. Although the Labour Government is obviously tied by international agreements and cannot take part in a German election campaign, the Labour Party suffers under no such inhibition. There are times when the Foreign Office and Transport House should not speak with a single voice. This is one of them.

A LONDON DIARY

Who would not have smiled at a novel with so many of the conventional attributes of a "thriller" as the case now being heard by the Tribunal at Church House? Fact seems once again to be following fiction. The hall with its yellow walls is a drab backcloth—the "props" could not be more austere—three desks each covered with dark material and adorned with a bakelite lamp, a glass of water and a stack of papers. This is a familiar legal setting for "startling revelations." The lawyers themselves are just right. Mr. Justice Lynskey of course disciplines his merry Irish face, permitting himself only a detached yet incredulous frown at some of the more fantastic stories. As for Mr. Upjohn, I thought Rebecca West admirably described his alert immobility when she said he resembled "a well-trained bird-dog." He looks as if he had ordered himself at Madame Tussaud's. Mr. Russell Vick caught the public with his question "any evidence of coupons?" (he pronounced it "cupons") when Sir Hartley Shawcross was recounting allegations about a gift of suits. The Attorney-General's voice is perhaps a trifle too suave, almost soporific, but it did not deflect admiration from his well-ordered lucidity or cause anyone to miss his definition of an ideal Cabinet Minister as "aloof, detached and fastidious in his choice of friends." And then, against this traditional legal background, we suddenly have displayed before us a wonderland of luxurious Park Lane flats, dog-racing at Harringay, hotels in Brighton and "contacts" which allegedly may lead to deals of hundreds of thousands. At last we learn something of the world behind the seedy amusement arcades in Piccadilly, the Strand and Marble Arch. Some of the characters look like *Pravda* cartoons of capitalists; others as if they had not a penny to put in the slot of a pin-table. Their "asides" are revealing. Mr. Jacob Harris, a proprietor of amusement arcades, when asked if he wasn't surprised by a solicitor's letter embodying an agreement to pay £10,000 to somebody, remarked: "It is not for an ordinary layman to be surprised at any document a solicitor presents to him." The public, which queues up for such incidentals, will agree that nothing is surprising in this fabulous world.

* * *

The Labour Party would be unwise to try to explain away the result of the Edmonton by-election, or gloss it over as a result which maintains its by-election record. A sharp fall in the Socialist vote would not have mattered; but at Edmonton, despite an able Labour candidate, the Tory vote went up very substantially. This is all the more serious when compared with the result in the recent Falkirk by-election where a majority of only 3,000 in 1945 was successfully retained. Of course, there were special circumstances in Edmonton. I gather that the local Labour Party had its nose put out of joint when Transport House came in and took over the campaign; and I gather that the Tory machine, running a good local candidate, was not loath to exploit the charge that Austin Albu was a carpet bagger with a foreign name. But there are always special circumstances in a by-election and no one will convince me that the Edmonton result was due simply to local friction and anti-Semitism. The fact is that London to-day is a danger spot for the Labour Party. The elimination of the pocket boroughs in the East End and the spill-out of slum dwellers into dormitory areas has changed its character. The question which worries me is whether the London Labour Parties are adapting themselves to a situation where the electors no longer feel like a proletariat. The other lesson is surely this. Even in the safest areas there has been a swing away from the Government, particularly among women voters. Labour has got to fight, starting with the assumption that it has lost a good deal of ground since 1945 and that this ground has got to be re-won in the course of the campaign. This needs not a defensive tactic, but a positive and offensive spirit. Dick Ackland realised this at Gravesend, but he had a tremendous tussle with Transport House before he got them to agree to his revivalist methods. If the 1945 majority there had been as big as Evan Durbin's he would probably not have been allowed to take the risks he did.

* * *

The *affaire* Arnot Robertson has taken a new and rather surprising turn. I hear that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is threatening legal action for libel against Richard Winnington of the *News Chronicle*, Dilys Powell of the *Sunday Times*, A. V. Cookman of *The Times*, Stephen Watts of the *Sunday Express*, and Milton Deane, the Hon. Sec. of the film section of the Critics' Circle. These five signed a letter on behalf of the committee which was formed to help Miss Arnot Robertson with her legal expenses and to enable her to take her case to the House of Lords. This development further emphasises the important principle at stake in this case. It will be remembered that, in 1946, M.G.M. wrote to the B.B.C. asking it to "co-operate" in preventing Miss Arnot Robertson broadcasting criticisms of the company's films. It said that she was "out of touch with the entertainment requirements of the cinema-goers who are also radio listeners," and that "her criticisms are unnecessarily harmful to the industry as a whole." As a result, Miss Arnot Robertson won her case before Mr. Justice Hilbery and a special jury, and was awarded £1,500 damages. M.G.M. appealed. Two of the three Appeal Judges were in favour of allowing the appeal on the ground that malice had not been proved against M.G.M. The third Judge thought there was evidence of malice, but agreed with the other two that there had been a technical misdirection of the jury. As a result, Miss Robertson now owes about £5,000 costs. If an appeal to the Lords failed, her liability would be increased by two or three thousand pounds. The Critic's Circle started an "E. Arnot Robertson Fund." Money has been coming in to support Arnot Robertson, but she will not be able to take the case to the Lords unless a very substantial further sum is raised during the next few weeks.

* * *

Dato Onn, created Premier of Johore by the British, is on a visit to this country. He is an unusual and now an important figure, regarded by the British as their most important ally among the peoples of Malaya. In origin he is rather an Arab than a Malay, but he was brought up as part of the Malay aristocracy, as the honorific title "Dato" shows. He had an English education and spent a year in the United States. His friendship with Britain is tactical. He was bitterly opposed to the post-war settlement which the British made with the Malay Sultans; he roundly declared that Britain had broken her word and torn her past treaties into shreds. If he is now an ally it is because he fears and hates the Chinese and Indian immigrant populations in Malaya. He hopes to fight Chinese Communism by Malay nationalism, reinforced by a close link with the Indonesians, who are racially akin to the Malays and, like them, Moslems by religion. He founded the United Malaya National Organisation (usually called U.M.N.O.) in protest against the racial equality implicit in post-war British policy, and he now fights both against the Chinese Communists, whose influence increases with each day's success in China itself, and against the Left-wing, but still moderate Malay Nationalist Party (M.N.P.). The M.N.P. seeks to be neutral, fearing that when the Communists are defeated, British colonial diehards will again get their own way. Mr. MacDonald, who believes that Malaya can only become independent when all the Malays learn to work together, finds Dato Onn his best ally, because Dato Onn is a nationalist who does not want the British out of Malaya until the Chinese Communists are defeated. The alliance is a temporary convenience. The Malays, like the rest of the Moslem world, are now themselves Nationalists. Malaya might very easily turn into a sort of Palestine with the British precariously on the apex of a three-cornered struggle.

* * *

Sir Trustram Eve, Chairman of the Central Land Board, last week expressed his disgust at the small number of claims so far sent in by landowners to a share in the global sum of £300 millions set aside for compensation for the transfer of "development values" in land to the State. The final time for such claims is next March; and so far, out of about half a million potential claimants, only about 12,000 have put in claims. At the same time, it is notorious that a good deal of land has been changing hands at prices which include a not inconsiderable element of "development value," despite the fact that this value now belongs to the public. What is the explanation? Is it that owners are hanging back from making claims, and buyers paying more than the land is worth in its present use, in the expectation of the whole thing breaking down? Or is it merely that owners do not understand their rights, or buyers the limitation on what the owners have to sell? Both factors, I suspect, are at work. Probably many owners whose claims at most are small, and may be disallowed altogether, are hanging back out of uncertainty, in the hope of getting further guidance before the closing date. And, on the other side, the difficulty of finding land for sale, and the hope that the development charge can somehow be "passed on," are making a good many buyers willing to take a risk and pay more than "existing use" value. The result, I fear, may be a regrettable inflation of land values—quite contrary to Mr. Silkin's intentions.

* * *

The good broadcaster is not the most fluent, but the most successful in impressing his or her personality on the audience. On that test, Mrs. Roosevelt was admirable last Friday. She sounded just what she is: sensible, shrewd and sincere. She remembers to say the pleasant thing, but she does not use diplomatic soft soap and she is not afraid to use a big occasion for telling home truths. She never utters a well-turned or memorable phrase; she is entirely unintellectual, and that, I suppose, is what led Alice Longworth, whose cracks have national currency in the U.S., to say one of the silliest of her smart things. No doubt it sounded funny to say that "Eleanor Roosevelt never opens her mouth without a flannel petticoat dropping out," but it is exactly the reverse of the truth. In the English sense a flannel petticoat is a "homely" object and what Mrs. Roosevelt says is homely. It is also, if you like, as warm and sensible as a flannel petticoat. It is not, as Mrs. Longworth implied, stuffy, fluffy or disagreeable. It is, in fact, just the opposite.

* * *

"I expect to see a sharp rise in production in the next few weeks," said my friend with much experience of psychological medicine. "Yes?" I said, "you mean the usual rise before Christmas?" "No, I mean an unusual rise due to the birth of the Royal baby. It is clear to me that in addition to the natural pleasure that a popular Princess has successfully given birth to a boy, there is a magical fertility element in all this monarchy business. People walk with a firmer tread and happier faces this morning. They feel better because a national rite has been successfully accomplished. I am not speaking without evidence. You will recall that at the Gravesend by-election about a year ago Labour so unexpectedly won? Well, I wrote to several people before that election, confidently prophesying, against all the experts, that the Government would win because the voting would follow immediately on the marriage of Princess Elizabeth with the Duke of Edinburgh. That, too, was a fulfilment of magic. It made people feel better and less critical and dissatisfied and, therefore, inclined to vote with, rather than against, the Government. This time the event did not happen early enough to affect the Edmonton by-election, but it may put up production." CRITIC

THE ASSEMBLY CAME DOWN . .

The Assembly came down like a cat on hot bricks
As Ben Gurion's hordes knocked the Arabs for six,
For a threat to the Palestine truce they could see
In the war for the Negev and Lake Galilee.

The Council, Committee and Palestine Mission
Could not come to terms on the terms of Partition,
But they sought to maintain the pre-truce *status quo*,
While the armies of Islam were melting like snow.

The view of Great Britain at Uno was sombre;
Observing the Arabs so soon *hors de combat*,
She battled for sanctions against armed aggression
While others upheld Israel's lawful possession.

The Council, Committee, Assembly and Board
Found a breach of the truce in appeals to the sword,
And both camps commanded their hordes to reduce,
While Uno considered the Palestine truce.

For Uno lends guidance to nations that stray,
Like a pillar of smoke in the desert by day,
Like a column of cloud during hours of light,
And likewise a pillar of pea soup by night.

But while it debated the course of events
The Arabs and Israelites met in their tents,
And the ultimate threat to the truce was revealed—
The Palestine peace might be made in the field.

And the Uno Assembly was loud in its wail,
Though fighting was finished the truce must not fail
And the voice from the fog called both sides to retire
Till the Council had ordered the final cease fire.

Then Uno decided for reasons abstruse,
An armistice only must follow the truce,
Hostilities, *for the time being*, must cease,
Lest the Palestine truce be endangered by peace.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Mrs. ——— told me that her next born, a girl, would have been named Boadicea, after the British warrior queen, but she couldn't spell it, so the baby was named Ann.—*Sheffield Star*. (R. E. Lounds.)

Princess Elizabeth will not get the £4 free grant which the State makes to mothers on the birth of their babies, because Prince Philip has not paid enough contributions on his National Health Insurance card.—*The People*. (A. E. Stevens.)

Gentleman wishes to dispose of magnificent Suit of Embossed Armour, or would exchange for modern roomy saloon car, one with division preferred.—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph*. (S. Miller.)

Lady Munnings, the wife of Sir Alfred Munnings, president of the Royal Academy, brought a dog with her to the Lord Mayor's banquet at Guildhall last night. It was a black-and-tan Pekinese, and from time to time she gave it an assortment of tit-bits from the banquet, including a lick of sherry, some turtle soup, and champagne. *Manchester Guardian*. (R. E. Skilbeck.)

Ilford Council have ruled that the proposed erection of a "stand for the sale of jellied eels" on the corner of Station Road, Ilford, would constitute "development" under the Town and Country Planning Act, 1947, and that application for permission would be required.—*Ilford Recorder*. (D. Townsend.)

We are far too careless about our children's training in political right-thinking . . . I have seen a group of small children, the eldest not more than six years old, waiting for Conservative canvassers to come out of their houses in order to bombard them with infantile and well-learned verbosity.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (N. R. Sealey.)

TELEVISION

One day there will be more television sets than motor cars in the world. Someone is going to make a lot of money out of providing them. It could be ourselves, it could be the Americans, or it could be a combination of both. But, if something isn't done soon to help television in this country, the British will be non-starters in the race for the biggest world market since the motor car was invented. Only in Britain and America has substantial progress been made in the manufacture of transmitters and sets, and in the sending out of daily programmes to a regular viewing audience. Both countries began about the same time, and, with little to choose between the product of either, Britain has a slight lead. The picture on the British screen is the clearer, and British studio productions are far superior to the American. To offset that is the faster development in America of the screening of outside events such as baseball games and party conventions. Ultimately the winner in the export field will be the country that has exploited its home market best and quickest. Overseas sales are bound to be, in part, overspill from home manufacture and, in part, the result of experience gained at home. In England and the U.S.A. there is a vast, unsatiated demand for television. America is meeting its home needs more swiftly than Britain. The following approximate figures show the difference:

	Britain	U.S.A.
Television stations in operation	1	39
Television stations planned or under construction	1	85
Television sets in reception of programmes ..	85,000	700,000*
Annual output of sets ..	70-130,000	750,000

* 300,000 in New York alone.

The difference in the number of stations is not as serious as it might look. The U.K., being so much smaller than U.S.A., could be reasonably covered by some five stations—one for the Midlands at Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham (due to open late summer or early autumn, 1949), one in Scotland, one in Wales, and one for the North Country located in Lancashire or Yorkshire. But the difficulty is the cost.

Alexandra Palace costs over one million pounds a year to run. The income from television licence holders is well under £100,000. The rest is made up by a subsidy from "sound" revenue. Too rapid an expansion of stations on an economic foundation of this kind is understandably not popular at Portland Place. Until the number of sets, and consequently the revenue from them, is greatly increased, the setting up of new stations will proceed on a charity basis. At the moment, the television viewer pays £2 a year for his licence —one-half of which is for television, while the other covers the ordinary wireless receiver. It might not be unreasonable to double or even treble this contribution to television; but, even so, it will be a long time before television programmes pay for themselves.

In the U.S.A. there is now no reluctance to spend money on programmes. Television manufacturers, since the end of the war, have poured tens of millions of dollars into the industry. So far, sponsors for programmes are hard to get because advertisers are not yet convinced of the value of the medium. But the manufacturers, with hundreds of thousands of orders for sets on their books, are confident of their ultimate victory. This tremendous expenditure in the U.S.A., though alarming in most respects for the restricted British industry, has one good by-product. It means that for some years ahead the U.S.A. cannot afford to change its type of manufacture, lest it fail to recover its initial outlay and so suffer enormous losses.

In America the system used is 525 screen lines; in Britain it is 405. Broadly, the higher the definition the better the picture. But there is no appreciable difference between 405 and 525 lines. The real jump forward comes at around 700 or 800 lines, plus colour. Both countries are experimenting hard to reach that goal; but, even if they get there first, the Americans cannot afford, for three or four years, to put the improved product on the market, or they will kill the sale for the type in which they have already invested so much. In the meanwhile, competition centres on the selling of present types of transmitters and sets, with an advance to the new type in, say, four years, which will permit new- and old-type sets to be served from the same stations by means of an adapting device at the transmitter. The potentialities for overseas sales are the same, for the moment, for both countries. But they will only remain the same for the next two years. If Britain has by that time not greatly expanded her production, she will be unable to satisfy the interested countries of Europe, S. America, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. America, by diverting a tenth of her manufactures, will be able to get in first and, once there, she will stay.

What holds up our television? In five years' time a sale of half a million sets a year is well within the range of possibility—if the sets are available. To-day's output is miserably inadequate to cover home market needs, let alone satisfy overseas needs. The trouble, as usual, is principally one of materials. There is a shortage of steel for transmitting masts and a shortage of materials for the component parts of sets. The chief deficiency is in the special type of glass required for cathode-ray tubes. During the war the glass went to war industries. Since then much of it has been used for essential household goods. Now the annual output of cathode-ray tubes is running at about 140,000 a year. Production could be stepped up greatly by the introduction of new mechanized plant. That demands capital which the industry is not prepared to risk because, before five years is up, a process of indirect viewing, which dispenses with a tube, may have been introduced. Unless a manufacturer could think of a later alternative use for the new plant, income-tax regulations would make him lose heavily through such an investment at present.

There are two ways in which the Government could help. One is by releasing more steel for masts. The other is by promoting a short-term investment in the plant needed for cathode-ray tubes. There might be an immediate commercial loss in the next decade, but the establishment of a grip over the export market would amply repay it. Here is a situation in which the Government can provide the means of expansion which private enterprise, admittedly under severe income-tax handicaps, is unable to produce for itself. Again, once the demand for television sets, created by the novelty of owning one, drops off, sets have got to become much cheaper if viewing is to be a nation-wide pastime. Manufacturers are aiming at reducing the wholesale price of their sets to something in the region of £25, without sacrificing quality. This is a price which the Americans will find hard to beat except by concentrating on quantity rather than quality. But with purchase tax of £6 or £7 to add to the price of a set costing £25, the retail price would still be prohibitive. It would be legitimate use of the Government's present financial controls to lift the purchase tax altogether from television sets to act as a spur to the industry.

One other major help the Government could give would be to subsidise the sale of transmitters to foreign countries. On the presumption that orders for sets will tend to go to the place of origin of the transmitters, the Government could well afford to offer any country interested in television free or low-cost transmitters, provided that no restrictions would be put on imports of British sets for, say, at least five years. With sufficient steel diverted for the purpose, transmitting stations would quickly be set up, not only in Europe but in S. America and in the Commonwealth countries. The prestige that would accrue to the British television industry, and the consequent profits, would be enormous.

So much for sets and transmitters. As television progresses, viewing audiences will tend to drift away unless the quality of the programmes improves. At Alexandra Palace about twenty-eight hours of programmes, or the equivalent of several full-length films, are put out every week. Cramped into two studios, the producers work with materials and space that no film producer would tolerate. The standard of the programmes is high, but it could be higher if there were more studio space. Shortage of man-power and materials is the stumbling block; and this the Government could remove.

Other disadvantages can only be removed by greater public enlightenment and pressure. All the old obstacles that radio first met are being repeated with television. Theatre managers have banded together and refused the screening of plays, ballets, variety turns. Hence the recent importation of the Lido Cabaret from Paris. Worse than that, the film industry and the theatre industry have taken to inserting a clause in their contracts which prevents actors from appearing on television at all. More and more, television is forced to rely on artists willing to be televised between contracts. Yet, despite the difficulties, techniques have been developed which are not only relevant to television, but to the film industry as a whole.

Having only two studios, television producers had to work out a system by which the studio floor was used for the shortest possible time both for rehearsals and actual shooting. They did it by building their sets off the stage and wheeling them on when they were wanted. Much of the rehearsal has taken place elsewhere. As any film producer knows, the biggest item on a film budget is studio time. If the same methods were now carried over into the tottering British film industry, costs could be rapidly halved. David Rawnsley, a film technician of great ability, has rationalised the methods whereby outdoor scenes can be shot without the actors. The actors can then be projected, in the studio, against the outdoor background, and not even the expert can tell the difference. *A Foreign Affair* was made this way, and Rank has reconstructed a complete stage at Pinewood to make films at a lower cost on the same basis.

Expansion of television can lead to quicker developments in this direction. One important new feature of film making that will soon be available is the use of a television camera by the director to show him what the film looks like as he goes along. That cuts out the costly delays in the developing and showing of film rushes whilst the studios stand idle. Much of the finishing off of a film can take place as the film is on the set, without waiting till afterwards; and the final film is taken off a television camera. The actors, with a greater sense of continuity, fit in to their parts better. Universally applied, the new system could mean that experimental films could be made despite there being no expectation of huge gross takings from them. It would also mean that the British film industry could become truly independent of America, and exist on its own earnings without constant application to the City for vast sums of money that are usually spent uneconomically.

In the making of television studio programmes and in the development of television techniques to cheapen films, Britain so far leads all other countries. A little Government support could enable the lead to be maintained and a vital new export industry to be put under way. Not only sets and transmitters can be exported, but television programmes and the raw materials for films as well. If the Government really believes that our survival lies in the fostering of Britain's skill and ideas, it must take a hand now, or else the new ideas, which in a few years' time are bound to be used in television and film making all over the world, will be used more to the profit of America than ourselves.

Woodrow Wyatt

SOCIALIST STOCKTAKING

V.—BRIDGING THE HUMAN GAP

[In this series of articles a Labour M.P. analyses the theory and practice of current British Socialism.]

SOMEONE recently remarked that, whereas Mr. Chamberlain was a man of words without deeds, Mr. Attlee's record is one of deeds without words. This wisecrack sums up neatly enough one of the commonest fallacies current in the Labour Party —that what is wrong with the Government is its public relations. As a matter of fact, no Government in our history has taken the people so fully into its confidence, or done more to explain both the problems which face the country and the way they must be tackled. As a people, we are now amazingly well informed about such abstruse topics as the dollar gap, export targets and convertibility. We have only to remember the state of stupified ignorance, even among the professional classes, during the 1931 crisis, to recognise how much has been achieved.

Complaints on this score unconsciously reveal a far deeper and more important frustration. The election of 1945 was not felt to be an ordinary change of Government. Millions of voters believed that power had really shifted from the old ruling class to the people themselves, and they regarded the Labour Government in quite a new way—as being fundamentally "on their side." They expected Socialism to bridge two gaps: (1) between "us," the common people, and a remote and governmental "them"; and (2) between "us," the wage earners, and "them," the "boss class." When Mr. Priestley writes his "Cantankeries," he is expressing an almost universal sense of disappointment, which the less articulate Labour supporter mistakenly explains as due to a failure of public relations. Socialism, which really meant comradeship in the days of opposition, now seems to be a matter of controls, orders and exhortations seeping down from Whitehall. The two human gaps remain unbridged.

To administer capably and to keep people well informed about what you are doing over their heads is not enough either in central or in local government. Nor is it sufficient to prove statistically that the working class is better off to-day than in 1938. The standard of living is not measured by calories alone. Indeed, it is the best tribute to the progress of Socialist ideas that most industrial workers have unconsciously raised their sights and have almost forgotten how they lived and what they felt in the 1930s. They have begun to miss things which they never enjoyed or felt the need of before the war. We must deal with the discontents of a people which assumes that Socialism has come to stay, and now demands that it should affect not merely the mechanics of living but the quality of life itself.

Consider first the gap between the "boss" and the employee. It is fatal to believe that, having nationalised the coalmines, a Socialist Government can leave the rest of the job to Lord Hyndley and his colleagues. Despite public ownership, absenteeism is still a serious factor. Whether it is checked depends far less on economic incentives than on the political atmosphere in the industry. The right atmosphere will not be created by "taking coal out of politics," as some Fabians seem to believe, but only by bringing Socialism into the relationship of management and men. A Socialist New Deal in the human relations of people at work—not only in the coalmines but throughout the whole economy—is essential for the survival of the nation; we cannot bridge the export gap without it. In any factory, output can be increased to a certain point by incentive payments, modern machinery and layout, etc. But beyond that point everything depends on human relations. What is true of one factory is true of our national economy. The extra 5 per cent. output, which may make the difference between independence and economic serfdom, can only be achieved by giving working people of all classes a sense that they are participating in something which vitally concerns them. Economic democracy is not a fad, but a necessity .

Some Socialists will reply that the only way to change human relations is to change the economic system which determines them; workers will not co-operate with managements so long as the profit motive dominates, and we cannot expect a spirit of comradeship in an industry until we have collectivised it. This bogus Marxism is both defeatist and psychologically untrue. It is defeatist because free enterprise will be the normal system in many industries for, at the very least, the next fifteen years. Are most of those working for the export trade to be told by a Labour Government that nothing can be done to socialise relations in their industries, because they are not "ripe for nationalisation"? That way lies political suicide.

Moreover, the most striking experiments in economic democracy are now taking place not in nationalised or municipal concerns, but under private ownership. A few firms have already introduced participation by workers in management, and made it both profitable and genuinely Socialist, whereas we are discovering that it is by no means easy to introduce economic democracy in huge, centralised Public Corporations. Now that the Government has most of the powers necessary to enforce Socialist planning at the top, the Socialist New Deal can and must be introduced at factory and office level, irrespective of the type of ownership in any particular concern.

It is, of course, true that some efforts are being made to encourage enlightened managerial methods. But the vital question is whether the Government and the Party will decide deliberately to focus attention on the need for a New Deal, and whether the Trade Unions and the Co-operatives are prepared to back it. For economic democracy, unlike nationalisation, cannot simply be decreed by law. In the first place, it demands that the Unions should decide to follow the example of men like Dubinsky of the American Garment Workers. They must be ready to set up their own highly qualified research staffs on production problems and make themselves the equal of the employers in managerial "know-how." Until they are prepared to pay for this type of research and so enable the shop steward and the district organiser to talk to management on equal terms about production problems, all talk of "workers' control" is eyewash. Secondly, there must be an entirely new attitude on the part of the Government and the Labour Movement to the new class of technicians and scientists. How often we hear talk about "getting both sides of industry to collaborate," as though the factory workers and the managing director were the only people concerned. In fact, there is a third side of industry, whose contribution is at least as important as the other two. Nothing would do more to cure middle-class antipathy to Socialism than a recognition of the role of this third side in economic democracy.

What is needed, therefore, is, first, a legislative framework which provides sane sanctions at least against "unenlightenment"—for instance, an Act to make Joint Production Committees compulsory; secondly, a systematic effort to set up, in every branch of our economy, model units—either under State or private ownership—in which economic democracy can be seen in action; and, thirdly, the decision by the Party that this New Deal, and not another dose of nationalisation according to the old recipe, will constitute the main advance towards Socialism in the next term of office.

Now for the other half of the problem—the gap between the State and the individual citizen. How can we break down the feeling of a horizontal division between the Government and the governed, and the suspicion that the Labour Party is climbing into the ruling class? A very great deal can be done by the Labour M.P. and the Labour Councillor in handling individual cases and setting an example of Socialist comradeship in action. How much can be achieved by a single Minister in humanising a Department is shown by George Buchanan's record as Minister of Pensions. But we must face the fact that class prejudices and suspicions have not been sensibly reduced in the last three years. Indeed, the creation of National and Regional Boards and the lavish scale of salaries fixed for their members and staffs (not to mention the increased salaries of M.P.s) have probably actually accentuated them. Here, the Government would be well advised to admit a grave mistake, and to announce a simultaneous campaign for a reduction in the numbers of the Civil Service and in the salaries of the members of the new Boards. Nothing has done more harm to local solidarity than the appointment to fat-salaried positions of Socialists who for years had given their services part-time to the Movement at considerable personal loss. It was voluntary, unpaid service which built the Party; the Socialist State cannot prosper without it, and the more Labour Party members refuse to accept any salary for public work, the more they will win back many sceptical electors who have been alienated by suspicions about "jobs for the boys."

But all this will not bridge the gap between "us" and "them" without a serious attack on the two fortresses of privilege—the law and education. In a previous article stress was laid on both the importance and the difficulty of bringing the private preparatory schools within a unified system of primary education, as a first step towards genuine equality of opportunity. The law is an equally intractable problem. But it must be tackled. As anyone who has had anything to do with such a simple legal problem as war damage must know, nothing causes more social injustice than the inability of the vast majority of working people to obtain legal advice, which would ensure them their rights, while keeping them out of the courts. In a very real sense, the law is still the protector of those who can afford to pay for it and the bogy of the poor. A State Legal Service, to stand beside our new Health Service, would be the greatest single benefit which a Labour Government could provide in its second term of office, and the greatest single advance towards really bridging the human gap.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S FRONT DOOR

s the sanctity of the English home, for so long the popular symbol of civil liberties, now becoming a legal fiction like the "reasonable man" and the presumption that everyone knows the law? When it was necessary for the householder to forage out-of-doors for the simplest aids to comfort and well-being indoors, he could with impunity bar his threshold to the King's officers provided he did nothing criminal; and even then demand (unless he was a felon) to see a Magistrate's warrant before he reluctantly drew the bolts.

To-day, the interior of his home is a matter of part-proprietary interest to a variety of public utility companies, national boards, Ministries and inspectorates. Almost every householder signs an undertaking that, in return for a supply of gas, electricity, telephone and water (and in addition to paying his bills) he will open the door to officials who want to read meters and inspect apparatus. He is to admit his landlord at all reasonable times, and welcome the sanitary inspector. He finds this state of affairs perfectly tolerable, seldom exercising his mind about the possible consequences of refusing admission to these confident visitors, never imagining that, in the last resort, his door might lawfully be battered in. To the good citizen these things lack even an academic interest.

For a quarter of a century now the good citizen has allowed his home to be invaded by wireless, paying a licence fee but stoutly resisting, through his elected representatives, any proposal that his receiving apparatus should be subject to official inspection—unless, indeed, he "rents" his receiver from a relay company, in which event he signs away a little more of his privacy by agreeing that the company shall have the right to come in when they want to look at their own apparatus. Now comes the new Wireless Telegraphy Bill, devised by the Postmaster-General and his experts to check interference with wireless reception, with provision for entry into listeners' homes and the testing of domestic gadgets.

"Under this Bill," wrote *The Times* Parliamentary correspondent on November 8th, "a stubborn housewife who persistently refused admittance to officials bent on inspecting her electric iron or water heater, would become liable to maximum penalties of three months' imprisonment or a fine of £100, or both. Since the Post Office has found householders and others nearly always co-operative in helping to remedy proved interference, the enforcement provisions seem disproportionate to the need." Other newspaper comment, in less measured terms, meant the same thing.

This was the burden of the Opposition's case when the Bill was read a second time last week. Mr. Paling assured the critics that there was to be no witch hunt, no assault on the homes of England by a new army of inspectors. The few really obstinate offenders are typified by the people who deliberately leave the doors of their refrigerators standing open for the depraved joy of knowing that (even if it lets the food go bad) it makes a snorting noise in the Jones's Itma. The high-frequency apparatus used for radiotherapy in hospitals and in doctors' surgeries is almost certainly the main cause of interference; during the war, owing to its effect on radar, the police were required to deal with it by the simple expedient of impounding all privately owned apparatus. The question raised by Mr. Paling's peace-time threat to the front door was whether peace-time radar, plus the right of the majority to enjoy undistorted television and broadcasting, justifies State supervision of our electric irons, bed-warmers, immersion heaters, and other thermostatically controlled aids to homely comfort; 256 M.P.s thought, on the second reading of the Bill, that it did; 96 thought it didn't.

It is noteworthy that this strong opposition to a "snooping" clause was possible only because it appeared in a Bill. Most of the Ministries have armed themselves with powers of compulsory entry to premises by means of what are now called "statutory instruments"—regulations which, since they are made departmentally, attract less notice and achieve full legal status as it were by default. One good thing about these, from the libertarian viewpoint, is that their validity can sometimes be challenged in the Courts. But Parliament itself, which the Courts cannot control, has passed Statutes at least as menacing to the front door as the Wireless Telegraphy Bill in its present form. As recently as 1938 it passed a Food and Drugs Act which, in Section 77, empowers "any authorised officer" (i.e., a medical officer of health, a sanitary inspector, a police constable authorised to "take samples," and a local authority official with a "general" warrant) to go into any premises, *including a private dwelling house,* at all reasonable hours and "snoop" for food adulteration offences. True, in the case of dwelling houses "admission shall not be demanded as of right unless 24 hours' notice of the intended entry has been given to the occupier." But, even so, this is a powerful weapon for Parliament voluntarily to have placed in the hands of the executive. It is widely used; and because the dwelling houses entered are usually those of rather unsavoury ice-cream hawkers, little is heard of it by the general public. Would they feel, if they heard about it more often, that perhaps, after all, the end justifies the means?

The Englishman dislikes "officials"—the word itself carries more than a hint of disparagement. He is being consciously disparaging if, for example, he speaks of a police "official"; the demand is always for fewer officials and more police. Mr. Strachey recently said in the Commons that the powers of "food enforcement officers" exceed the police powers of entry and search—"as do those," he added, "of a factory inspector, a sanitary inspector, and other forms of inspectorate."

But the powers of the police to enter our houses are rather more extensive than could be gathered from the most careful examination of the Statutes. Late one night a few weeks ago seven young children were removed by police officers from a top-floor bedroom in an East End tenement house because the police had reliable information that the children were badly neglected. They were the children of two women who had married coloured men. The men were away—one was at sea in the merchant service, and the other had deserted his wife some months before. One of the mothers was known to have a conviction for brothel-keeping. The children were said to have been frequently left alone all the evening, and sometimes all night, in an insanitary room not supplied with any means of lighting. Now, the police require no warrant to enter a dwelling house and remove children in such circumstances. Any constable is empowered by Section 67 of the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, to "take to a place of safety" any child so neglected as to be in danger of illness, and to do so in virtue of his office as constable, without any other authority. You cannot "take" a neglected child from premises without going in; and those premises are more likely to be a dwelling house than not. This instance of the street door's vulnerability is implicit in the Statute.

Meanwhile, a host of "inspectorates" can lawfully demand entry to premises. Defence Regulation 55AA, still very much alive, has fathered a multitude of "general warrants" expressed in terms which must shock anyone with a regard for constitutional history. They are issued, not by High Court Judges, not even by Magistrates, but by "designated officers," i.e., officials of the Ministries of Fuel and Power, Agriculture, Health, Labour, Transport, Supply, Food, and Works, by the Home Secretary and the Admiralty and the Board of Trade—and by the Postmaster-General. They authorise their holders to "enter and carry out an inspection of any undertaking by way of trade or business." (They do *not* authorise the invasion of a dwelling house unless a trade or business is being carried on in it.) They can be issued if it "appears" to the designated officer that he can thus "secure a sufficiency of those supplies and services essential to the well-being of the community or their equitable distribution . . . at fair prices."

By constitutional theory, the issue of "general" warrants is unlawful—a warrant must name the premises to be searched, the person to be arrested; and until recently most warrants have had to be issued by Justices of the Peace on sworn information. Indeed, in 1934, when the Incitement to Disaffection Bill sought to authorise the issue of search warrants by Magistrates on the application of constables, the Government bowed to a storm of indignant criticism by substituting High Court Judges for Magistrates and police inspectors for constables—an illusory concession, since no application for a warrant in such a case would be likely to be made without orders from someone in the police hierarchy above an inspector.

But let no one disparage the touchiness of Englishmen about the cottage door and the castle gate, merely because Englishmen don't have time to find out how tenuous their domestic security has become. The police are carefully trained to regard "private premises" as a legal Tom Tiddler's Ground wherein they set foot at their peril. Some of them overcome their early scruples, sooner or later to achieve nominal immortality in the law books on trespass; others would hesitate about entering a Pall Mall club to prevent murder. These periodical outbursts of popular feeling about new proposals for by-passing the front door could do worse than foster a similar hesitancy in "officials." C. H. Rolph

COMMUNAL PEACE IN INDIA

It was hoped that the Act of Independence in 1947 would inaugurate a new epoch in the relations of India and Britain; and up to the time of the departure of the Mountbattens last June, those hopes were fulfilled beyond all expectations. Unhappily since then there has been a bad relapse. Press comment in this country on the Hyderabad affair showed how much ill-will still exists in certain quarters below the surface. Press comment must, of course, always be free. India, like every other country, must expect to come in for her share of criticism. But such criticism should be well-informed and temperately expressed. The fact that some Indian papers are still inclined to indulge in unfair criticism of England can be no justification for the British press, which claims to have a much higher standard, to retort in kind.

Here is one example. In one of the weeklies, there was a comment on Hyderabad by an Oxford Professor of Law, who professed to be quite detached in his attitude. But his opening paragraph revealed his sub-conscious bias. The reasons given by the Indian Government for marching into Hyderabad, he said, were almost exactly the same as the reasons given by Hitler for marching into the Netherlands. And he made no effort to compare the circumstances that led to the two invasions. In fact, of course, they were totally different. In the Netherlands in 1940 there was no disorder; nobody, or certainly less than one per cent. of the population, wanted the Germans to march in. Hitler invented his excuses in order to justify an invasion which had been long planned. The people of Hyderabad, on the other hand, have never claimed that they are a distinct nation. They are Indian, just as surely as Bengalis or Madrasis. Indian jurists seem to be agreed in rejecting the British contention that Hyderabad had, after the lapse of paramountcy, become independent. Not only all the 85 per cent. of non-Muslims of Hyderabad but, it seems clear, many Muslims too, were praying for the arrival of the Indian forces. Many of the country districts had been suffering from a lawless terror for months, and latterly the terror tended to get worse, not better. India had spent a year in trying to find ways to settlement without resort to military action. Negotiation had been tried, several experienced men had attempted mediation, and when all this failed, economic pressure was first applied. Up to the very end, some of India's leading statesmen were determined to hold back as long as possible. But public opinion throughout India had been so roused (partly, no doubt, by the publication in the press of exaggerated stories; but the truth was quite bad enough) that the peace of all India was in grave danger.

The average Hindu saw the position thus. For several years his Muslim neighbours had been agitating for the division of India, for the creation of Pakistan. Finally they succeeded. In 1947 India was partitioned. The forty million Muslims who remained in India were left in an embarrassing position. They could only become Pakistanis by abandoning their homes and emigrating hundreds of miles. In any case, Pakistan had no room for them, and refused to take any interest in them. Most of them, therefore, have been eager to eat their words of two years ago and declare themselves loyal citizens of the new India. Gandhi, Nehru, Rajagopalachari and other Indian leaders wisely urged that they should be accepted without question as Indian citizens, equal in rights with their Hindu or Sikh neighbours. But, with the exception of the few, like Maulana Abul Kalim Azad, who have been consistent nationalists for many years and hostile to Jinnah and the Muslim League, the Muslims of India have been suspect to most of their neighbours. Especially they were suspected of secret sympathy, if not of active support, for the Nizam's defiance of India and for the activities of the Muslim Razakars, the irregular forces who were spreading terror through the country districts of Hyderabad and sometimes even across the borders into Indian territory. Feeling ran so high that there was a daily fear of violent outbreaks in other parts of India, where the more intransigeant Hindus were determined to give their Muslim neighbours a lesson. The march into Hyderabad might, indeed, precipitate the trouble. The Hindus might argue: "Now that our Government has decided to remove the Nizam and his Razakars, let us punish our Muslim neighbours too." On the other hand, if the Hyderabad sore were allowed to fester much longer, communal trouble was quite certain. So the risk had to be run. And the outcome? The Razakar bullies in Hyderabad collapsed like a pack of dummies, running away as bullies so often do, and eliciting not the least vestige of support from the population; whilst the people of India, Hindus and Muslims alike, in every town and village of the vast country, showed an exemplary and complete self-restraint. Not one communal incident had been reported in the whole length and breadth of India during the whole of September. Well may Pandit Nehru say that something of the spirit of Gandhi has entered into the fibre of the Indian people.

It is natural, nevertheless, that people in the West should ask, "Could not the India of Gandhi have found some other way than military force?" To which two answers may be offered. It is possible that Indian statesmanship could have acted in a more conciliatory manner a year ago; but I am not sure. It is also possible that if there had been an ardent disciple of Gandhi heading a popular movement in Hyderabad, who could have led a widespread and well-disciplined civil disobedience movement in the State, the Nizam's government might have been forced to give in without any bloodshed. Apart from this possibility I, for one, cannot see what else the Indian Government could do. Wait?—with the certainty that sooner or later Hyderabad must join India? But what did "sooner or later" mean? And how long could the Government of India have tolerated the sight of fifteen million Indians subjected to terror? This kind of advice, freely offered in England, seemed academic.

It was a moving experience to participate, on Sunday, September 26th, in the service of thanksgiving at the great Jumma Maszid mosque in Delhi, where some twenty thousand people, most of them Muslims but with a sprinkling of their Hindu neighbours, gave thanks for the restoration of peace in Hyderabad, and for their own merciful deliverance. A year ago, hardly a Muslim dared to show his face (perhaps I should say, his headgear) in the streets of Delhi. To-day, they are free citizens again. Nehru and his friends have had a hard fight to achieve their secular State. Gandhi had to sacrifice his life for it. But to-day, it seems that they have nearly won the battle. The Muslims of India can hold up their heads and can walk the streets without fear—or so they will as soon as peace is restored in Kashmir. That is another chapter, and a more tangled and difficult one.

Hyderabad points certain morals for both Britain and India. For us in Britain—the importance of trying once and for all to forget that unhappy year 1942, and to stop thinking of Nehru and his Congress colleagues as enemies or dangerous men who must be kept down; also, if one may venture to suggest it to those who lost their jobs in India in 1947, some under what they felt to be unfair treatment, to try, in spite of everything, to think well of free India and her leaders. To the leaders of India, one would like to suggest that they should do more to help foreign journalists. Journalists are human, like the rest of us. If they are cold-shouldered, or are regarded with suspicion, and are the victims of savage attacks when they venture to criticise, it cannot be wondered if they sometimes turn venomous. If India would do even half of what Pakistan and (I expect) Hyderabad have done to present their case, or to help journalists to see it in a more favourable light, India would probably get a far better press in England, and perhaps a better hearing in the Security Council. Obviously there is here no suggestion of bribery or corruption, only of imaginative friendships towards strangers. And to the journalists I would suggest that, if another Hyderabad situation occurs (which may Heaven forbid), I hope they will try to get beyond the chief cities, where any shrewd government can keep a semblance of order, and learn what such people as experienced missionaries can tell them about conditions in the villages. If some of the missionaries in Hyderabad had told their stories to the foreign journalists, the picture given to the world would, I think, have been very different and much nearer the truth.

Horace Alexander

The Arts and Entertainment

MUSIC

Imprisoned for a few days by an autumnal cough, I was obliged to rely on the wireless for my impressions of the Contemporary Music Centre's concert: impressions which I therefore pass on with more than usual diffidence. It was one of those nights when the Third Programme suggests a fragile raft of liberal culture barely afloat in a hostile sea of News from Nowhere, addled jazz and outlandish voices prophesying war; but no music could have survived such conditions better than the important of the two works broadcast, which were Alan Rawsthorne's new Clarinet Quartet. Like everything he writes, it is concise, clean and airy; in case these hygienic adjectives should suggest an antiseptic absence of feeling in the music, let me add that the mood of the new Quartet is as clearly nostalgic as that of the recent violin Concerto—or at any rate seems to be so, for this impression may perhaps have been due mainly to the combination of the clarinet's limpid unstrenuous melodic stream with the composer's typically astringent harmony. It is one of his excellent habits to plunge without tiresome preliminaries straight into his discourse; on this occasion our attention is at once caught by a flowing clarinet theme containing a leap of a sixth which in the course of the movement develops a characteristic uncertainty whether the interval should be a major or minor. The second movement is an interlude; the third explores wilder territory, with the clarinet striking Petrouchka-like attitudes, but the mood and material of the first movement return, and the Quartet ends, as its first movement also ends, in an unequivocally calm E flat major.

Before the war Bach's *Art of Fugue* used to be frequently given by the London Symphony Orchestra in Wolfgang Graeser's arrangement, which deploys gradually the full strength of the modern orchestra. A different version, by the Belgian organist M. Roger Vuataz, was finely played last week in the Albert Hall by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Hermann Scherchen (and conducted from memory—a remarkable feat), at one of those admirable New Era concerts which are the modern equivalent of the Courtauld-Sargent series. There were a few questionable moments of theme transition from instrument to instrument, but in general this transcription makes a more Bach-like effect than the earlier version; it eschews the brass altogether, and depends upon the alternation and sometimes the combination of string quartet, string orchestra and solo woodwind. The evening was memorable, for *The Art of Fugue* contains sublime music. Few people can attend fully to eighteen successive fugues and canons, all in D minor and many based on a single motto-theme; there are certainly moments when the listener feels like a fly crawling along a girder of the Forth Bridge, but at other moments (and they are many) the intellectual passion and sheer unruffled mastery of Bach's achievement makes themselves felt throughout the hall. Nor is variety or humour wanting; the most learned of the canons ("in augmentation and contrary motion") proves in performance the most vivacious and captivating of all.

The pleasure of renewing acquaintance with *Siegfried*, that masterpiece of physical energy and rhythmical exuberance, was coupled at Covent Garden with lively curiosity about the new protagonist. Heldentenors are rarer than pandas, and Set Svanholm is undoubtedly the most acceptable specimen of the breed now on view. The present generation of opera-goers, both here and in America, seems to care more for the satisfaction of the eye than of the ear, and is naturally bowled over by a Siegfried who looks like an advertisement for *Kraft durch Freude*, and would make a quite plausible Teutonic Tarzan, if only he would not insist, like all Siegfrieds, on remaining so obstinately pink-and-white. (This general refusal to adopt the appropriate pigmentation must be a hangover from the nineteenth century, before the Whitman-Carpenter cult of sun-tan had made much headway.) As a dramatic conception, Mr. Svanholm's Siegfried is admirably planned and efficiently executed, and his conscientiousness extends to the musical sphere; his rhythms are precise and his note-values correct (far more so, for instance, than Mr. Melchior's). Since he possesses a steady voice of fair strength and clarity, capable of a good high C at the end of an exhausting evening, Mr. Svanholm's popularity is easy to understand: we are lucky to have him. The qualities which he lacks are those which we miss in so many contemporary operatic performances (and in the orchestral part, too, of this *Siegfried*): tenderness, sensuous charm of tone, warmth, poetry, heart. The wondering, dreamy aspect of Siegfried eludes Mr. Svanholm, partly because his voice lacks warmth, but partly too because his phrasing of the music is insufficiently lyrical. And yet he is a thorough musician, of a type unfamilar in the world of opera: I saw him once conducting an *a capella* choir in Stockholm, where his Peter Grimes was as impressive as his Don Jose was boring. Covent Garden are to be congratulated on securing him, and on a generally good performance of an immensely difficult work.

The first act went best, partly because at the Wanderer's first appearance Hans Hotter was in his most majestic voice, but mainly owing to the uncommon distinction of Peter Klein's Mime, about the best Mime I remember to have seen. This was a completely co-ordinated impersonation, alive in every gesture and note, achieved moreover without any of that deliberate uglification of the tone to which second-rate Mimes invariably resort. Whether the strange sounds made by Mr. Clifford as Alberich were uglified or merely ugly is a nice point. At moments he resembled that wonderful French parodist, M. Betove. Like so many forest-birds, Miss Shirley Russell sounded too hefty and too impure, more like a minor Valkyrie than a bird; it is surely a part for the bright, ringing tones of a coloratura soprano. Mme Astrid Varnay, delighted the house by managing Brünhilde's difficult awakening scene so well that she not only avoided absurdity but achieved poetry; her voice is full and resonant, but liable to waver under pressure, and nearer to a mezzo than a true soprano quality.

In the revival of *Tristan*, which was given with the same principals as *Siegfried*, Mme Varnay made a deep impression by her entire comprehension of the role of Isolde, her telling gestures, and the variety and intensity of her declamation; though her voice is not always in perfect control, it is sometimes beautiful and invariably expressive.

Mr. Svanholm's Tristan is dramatically less striking than his Siegfried; until the last act he was a rather wooden lover, but his singing is always reliable, and his frenzy at the arrival of Isolde's ship was memorable. Constance Shacklock, Hans Hotter and Norman Walker repeated their sound performances of last year; and, this strong and well-balanced caste would make this a first-rate performance, if Dr. Rankl would insist on more finished detail from his wind players, and a smoother orchestral texture in general, and if the electricians could be induced to douse those multiple spotlights which mar the effect of the stage picture in the second act.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
to this journal appear on page 450.

IVON HITCHENS: BEN NICHOLSON

At the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield, an exhibition of new paintings by Mr. Ivon Hitchens gives the North a chance to experience something which could only have come from the South: a piece of Sussex woodland in sight of the South Downs is the place of work of this distinguished artist whose poetry is so natural, and whose paint is so expressive of pure sensation, that none of the fashionable tidal waves could ever buoy him up. He has had to swim for himself. The chief trouble, I suppose, was the total absence in his work of any element of disquiet: he has never asked for more than the right to contemplate the movement of the flickering inconstant English light over the pools and streams, the woodland trees and the vibrant undergrowth and bracken of his chosen ground. The traditional reaction of painters to the visible world is one of joy: a simple attitude, which Hitchens shares with Renoir, Cézanne or Matthew Smith. But just as unusual at present as this special innocence of the painter is a belief in observation, in visual study as the fount of pictorial inspiration—and this, too, Hitchens shares with the painters of ages other than our own. The exterior landscape is always his point of departure. Though he arrives at a very considerable measure of abstraction he never translates the trees and fields of the daylight world into their dream-world equivalents, a thing Mr. Sutherland might be said to do. This transmutation of the familiar into the unfamiliar is certainly the most characteristic operation of much of the greatest art of our time, and no one doubts the validity of the disquiet in Picasso or Henry Moore: a gigantic upsurge of new meanings has determined the nature and quality of all their images. But so long as this note of disquiet predominated in the poetry of important artists such as these, we were inclined to overlook the note of happiness elsewhere, in, for instance, Braque; and Bonnard's happiness, too, is so serene and intense that he is frequently relegated to a past with which, it is felt, he must have more in common; this is a grave injustice, for aesthetically he was as vital a modern as any to the day of his death. (In design, Bonnard was possibly a greater *innovator* than Matisse.) Hitchens also suffers, then, in the climate that at present prevails. The study of landscape in terms of near-abstraction is Hitchen's special contribution. No one else evinces quite the same balance of interests: the pursuit of pure tonal colour and the most formal notation of plastic realities on the one hand, and the concern with a poetically faithful presentation of landscape on the other. The first of these interests is more typical of the present moment than the second: indeed, of half a dozen living British painters whose work should entitle them to a measure of respect on the Continent and elsewhere, Hitchens is the most concerned with that traditional subject of our painting—the English landscape itself. Others among his contemporaries, having like himself perceived and accepted many of the values of the modern masters in France, borrowed something in the way of subject-matter as well. Though jugs in dark profile are no part of his repertoire, Hitchens' awareness of Braque has probably been no less acute—although different—than Ben Nicholson's: depth in a Hitchens' composition is achieved, as in a Braque, by means of a series of overlapping planes, all of which are parallel to the surface of the canvas.

About 18 months ago I suggested in a broadcast that Ben Nicholson might ultimately abandon his severest abstractions to the extent of interesting himself in portraiture. I was only judging on the furtive appearance of a number of jug-profiles among the severe rectangularities of his paintings of that period. I did not think at that last exhibition of his, that the gay but tiny pictures of playing cards or tram tickets playing hide-and-seek with lighthouses, or of fancy fish-floats and toy Union Jacks threading themselves on the pencilled skyline of the cromleched field of a Cornish hill would so soon oust their larger abstract neighbours. But in his present exhibition at the Lefevre Gallery the familiar "square-and-circle" abstract paintings have given way entirely: all his new works are landscapes or still lifes. Perhaps he is halfway now to the destination I had imagined; for these landscapes of St. Ives and the small hills and huge cliffs nearby, are excellent portraits: they evoke that very remarkable bit of country with uncanny accuracy—as one who grew up thereabouts can testify.

Finally I must add that the two Ascher panels by Henry Moore at the same gallery, "Reclining Figure" and "Two Standing Figures" are to my mind the most exciting couple of "paintings" now to be seen in a dealers' gallery in London.

PATRICK HERON

RADIO NOTES

The two outstanding talks in the Third Programme last week were the first of Mr. Geoffrey Crowther's commentaries on current affairs and the discussion between Professor Laski and Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge on *The White House Papers of Harry Hopkins.* The talks had this in common, that both were lively, uninhibited expressions of individual opinion; and they have stimulated me to consider the whole question of Third Programme talks. The Third Programme has become an open forum for the discussion of ideas in the broadest sense of the word, and of the general level of its talks there can, I think, be little serious criticism. Yet one has only to compare what the Third does for ideas and the arts with that done before the war by *The Criterion* and *New Verse,* to choose examples from periodicals which no longer exist, to be immediately aware of its inadequacy. The value of a periodical is that it examines what is new and re-assesses what is old from a considered, consistent point of view. It is just this that the Third Programme does not do, and its value is accordingly the less. The difference between an editor and a B.B.C. producer is roughly that one is a shaper, a creator, while the other is more nearly a midwife, a catalytic agent. The difference means that, in cultural matters especially, the Third Programme reflects rather than creates contemporary taste. Because it cannot itself have a point of view, an editorial policy, and must grind no axes, its talks almost inevitably amount to little more than a number of discrete items each boxed in its own twenty-minute period and generally having little relation to other neighbouring talks. A talk in the Third, therefore, however good it may be, lacks the authority and the challenge which an article in a periodical of comparable level possesses simply by virtue of being part of a larger whole of considered opinion.

But changes in taste are brought about precisely by people who have axes to grind; to take literary taste alone, it is enough to name such formative magazines as *The Yellow Book, The English Review, Blast, The Adelphi, The Criterion, New Verse, Scrutiny,* and the groups associated with them; the same is no less true for changes in moral and political beliefs. How can the Third Programme perform the functions of the independent critical review, with all that that implies of necessary bias and occasional downright crankiness, without sacrificing its wholly necessary impartiality? A possible answer seems to be indicated by the series of talks Mr. Crowther has just begun. The Third Programme devotes about a quarter of its weekly forty-two hours of broadcasting time to talks. Why should not two or three periods of an hour or more be handed over to different people (not employed by the B.B.C.) to fill and edit as they think fit, just as though they were producing the literary or political pages of a periodical? Obviously, their editorship would be limited to so many weeks; but the system would mean that at any given time we should have at least two constant and probably contrasted points of view being expressed on the air and current events or new books, pictures and so on examined in their light. We should have, too, as we

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have not had in broadcasting before, something of the diversity of attitude, the clash of opinion, which at present is found in the press as a matter of course. I referred earlier to *The Criterion* and *New Verse*. Of course, it is always possible that for economic reasons we shall stop having this kind of periodical. Then only the Third Programme could fulfil, or partly fulfil, their function. But it will not do so by substituting committees or catalytic agents for men of the calibre of Mr. Eliot and Mr. Grigson.

William Salter

THE MOVIES

"Rope," at the Carlton
"The Small Voice," at the Plaza
"The Voice of the Turtle," at Warner's

Future historians no doubt will remark our preoccupation with violence: not content with a series of world wars, mounting in geometrical progression, we look for amusement in the gangster tale and the well-bred library murder. Almost every week in the cinema discovers two or three new examples of this mania. Sometimes the appeal is made by a thrilling actuality, sometimes—as in last week's *Secret Beyond the Door*—by fanciful terrors that revive the excesses of the Gothic novel. Mr. Fritz Lang has always been drawn towards the latter, which after all has its links with imagination and poetry, while Mr. Hitchcock has preferred the streamlined contemporary thrill. He has never quite lost sight of the life that eddies round his exalted moments: indeed, some of his most electric scenes have involved a hide-and-seek through a crowded ballroom or in streets and parks during the idly curious hour of lunch. Everywhere he picks out the pattern of danger. His latest film *Rope*, derived from the play by Mr. Patrick Hamilton, again fascinates by an eel-like passage through actuality.

The story of *Rope* will be known to a fair proportion of those who go to the films: this is a thriller that depends not on our wondering what will come next but on the suspense of situation growing larger and larger till, like a child's balloon, it goes pop. That grand situation, that single dramatic tension, has inspired Hitchcock to devise a new use of the camera. It observes the unities of time and place; it follows the characters in and out of three rooms; it never leaves them; the whole film consists of a very few lengthy shots, separated only for convenience when the camera pauses for a split second as it goes past a dark chair or someone's back. The method is not itself new: recently, for example, the play scene of Olivier's *Hamlet* employed this unblinking, follow-round technique. Hitchcock expands its use to a whole film. The effect has been beautifully judged, for one can't imagine a play better suited for the purpose than *Rope*. A play this drama remains; what Hitchcock has designed for us is a brilliant extension of the theatre, in which the attention can be more precisely and painfully focused than on the stage. The rope does its work; the two young degenerates stuff their companion into the drawing-room chest, which is then decorated with candles and made the side-table for a cocktail party, including the murdered man's parents and fiancée. When will the lid be raised, the suspicion clinched, the breakdown precipitated? The camera gives us no relief; slowly, inevitably it catches the mounting hysteria during the cocktail hour. The perfect acting of a small cast, and especially of John Dall and Farley Granger as the murderers, rams home the effect of what is more than a brilliant technical trick. Here it comes off thrillingly; *Rope* is as good a film as any Hitchcock has made; but that is not to say that its method (though, no doubt, it will be much copied) can have more than a limited and somewhat theatrical scope.

After Hitchcock, the thrills of *The Small Voice* may appear somewhat tame. This unpretentious English film, owing not a little in idea to *The Petrified Forest*, is neat rather than breath-taking. Instead of cactus and sand, there are the comfortably picturesque hill-roads of Wales, and a telephone-box or a motor-bike delivering newspapers keeps open the lines of communication. Still, for a week-end, a playwright's house becomes an outpost of danger, with three escaped convicts in charge, and a strange child taken ill with meningitis, and the playwright cooped up with his wife who has come to ask for a separation. It manages, thanks to a few tricks, to end happily for all concerned, including even the convict leader who dies with a commendable touch of nobility. This is a well-acted, honest, painstaking, and skilful piece of work, which bores its way unobtrusively into our sympathy.

For the first few moments *The Voice of the Turtle*—a film version of a Van Druten play—seemed likely to offer stagecraft of a well-polished and well-worn order. But from its conventional beginning (a trite love affair ending with good-byes to the dear old restaurant) there developed a freshness and humour which, if conventional, was at least delightful of its class. This film recaptures some of the fun, polish and sentiment that seemed to have disappeared altogether from American films since the days of *It Happened One Night*. Not that *The Voice of the Turtle* is quite on that level; but it beguiles, it's gay and pretty, and as its spontaneous heroine Miss Eleanor Parker has loads of charm.

William Whitebait

Correspondence

PRESS FREEDOM IN MALTA

Sir,—For a third of a century Joseph James Scorey, editor of a daily English language newspaper called *The Bulletin*, had lived in Malta. Every morning between the hours of nine and mid-day he sat in his shirt sleeves in a café by the shade of the Bibliotheca near Palace Square, Valetta, drinking salty black coffee, listening to the courting of the pigeons and the confidences of politicians. Everybody in Malta knew where to find him, with the result that he (and his readers) were always well informed about backstage manœuvres.

This is all in the past tense for, one Saturday last month, Scorey was sentenced by a local magistrate to eight days' imprisonment, a fine of forty pounds and suspension of *The Bulletin* for two months. The conviction was under Article 6 of the Maltese Press Ordinance (V of 1933) for the crime of having "insulted, reviled and sought to bring into hatred or contempt the person of His Excellency Sir Francis Campbell Ross Douglas, Governor of Malta and *ex officio* Chancellor of the Royal University, and concurrently libelled His Excellency the said Governor by means of specific imputations tending to injure his character and reputation or to expose him to public ridicule or contempt."

The serious nature of the charge and the severity of the punishment might suggest to anyone familiar with the principles of English Constitutional Law, that Scorey had been guilty of a serious sedition, or something very near it.

The facts are that on September 17 *The Bulletin* published a report of a meeting of the Council of Malta University (to which the Press were not admitted), dealing mainly with a proposal to reduce the degree awarded at the end of the Law course from a Doctorate to that of Bachelor of Law. The report was detailed (it included a list of members present) and, as was admitted by the prosecution, accurate. Evidently it had been received from a source that journalists would normally describe, with polite euphemism, as "usually reliable"; obviously, a member of the Council—an illustration of the value of the chair in the café.

On September 21 *The Bulletin* published another report of a University Council meeting, obviously derived from the same source, and it was in respect of this article that the prosecution was initiated. Under the heading "Stormy Scene in University Council," the report ran: "His Excellency Sir Francis Douglas, the Chancellor, manifested signs of extreme anger

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against *The Bulletin,* which the day previously had disclosed the Council's intention to defer the award of the degree of L.L.D. on law students until after 15 years of study." The story continued: "Emphasising his remarks by violently and repeatedly thumping the table, the Chancellor demanded to know how it came about that *The Bulletin* was able to publish the names of those present at the Council meeting of August 17."

Incredible as it may seem, it is in respect of these statements that Scorey has been convicted. He has been convicted for saying, in substance, that the Governor (as Chancellor) lost his temper. At the trial he sought at first in his defence to prove the truth of the statements he had published; but truth is no defence to a prosecution under this Section of the Maltese Press Code.

It is difficult to conceive that there can be a British Governor so thin-skinned as to approve a prosecution in these circumstances; the responsibility must be with the Police and the Press Code made by the Governor at the time of the suspension of the Constitution in 1933 and enacted by him by prerogative right and without the authority of any Parliament. Under it all newspapers must be licensed by a Board appointed by the Governor, the penalty for publishing an unlicensed publication is five pounds a day or, for persisting in such publication, one hundred pounds and the forfeiture of all plant and machinery. An applicant has no right of appeal from this Board. (The last licensing of newspapers in England was in 1695.)

In addition no person can *keep* (it is not even "*use*") any printing press without a licence from the police and a deposit of £20. This licence may be suspended and the deposit forfeited if an editor or writer whose words are printed on this press is convicted of any of the numerous offences possible, *even though the printer has not been a party to the proceedings.*

Articles 4 to 35 of the Code create a number of press offences, one of which I have already quoted. Incidentally, the section imposes the same maximum penalty (3 months and a fine of between £25 to £200) for insults to the Bishop of Malta or Bishop of Gozo as to the Governor.

In these offences, two principles in general apply: first, that the burden of proof of innocence rests on the accused, and secondly, that the truth of the statement is not a defence. In addition, any person can instigate criminal proceedings for what in English law we should regard as a civil libel (penalty 3 months' imprisonment and/or fine). Here again the truth is not a defence unless the person "defamed" is a public one and, even then, only when the court considers that the proof of the truth has been for the public benefit. Whoever publishes false news, maliciously or "through the omission of ordinary diligence," or who refuses to disclose to the court his source of information also commits an offence. For the purposes of this section, malice shall be presumed in default of evidence showing that, prior to publication, the accused took reasonable measures to verify the truth of the news.

But the most incredible provision of this incredible legislation is contained in Article 47. "It shall be lawful for the Commissioner of Police to order the seizure of any printed matter which, *in his opinion,* is published in contravention of the provisions of this Ordinance. The editor and printer who, upon any such order of seizure, shall not cause the immediate suspension of the further publication of such printed matter shall be liable to a fine not exceeding £20." In other words, the opinion of the Commissioner of Police, unrestrained by any means of appeal and whether justified or not, is enough to cause the suspension of any publication.

It would be difficult to find anywhere in the world a Press law which is so contrary to the fundamental principle of the English Constitution or so restrictive of human rights regarding the free communication of ideas and expression of opinion.

I write this in Rome. It is perhaps as well that I am not still in Malta; for, under Article 19 whosoever shall justify or seek to excuse the perpetration of any crime under this Code is liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months.

Hotel Flora, Rome. E. JOHN PARRIS

FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—The serious situation in Berlin and the danger of yet another war would have, long since, caused a less complacent nation than ours to question the principles upon which its foreign policy over the last ten years has been based. One reads in the daily papers that Mr. Bevin is "angry" with the Russians, and the general view expressed on all sides is of anger and astonishment that the Russians are not behaving with the propriety that one would expect from the members of the Lambeth Conference. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION appears to favour a realistic approach to foreign affairs, and you may be disposed to publish a letter favouring a reorientation of foreign policy, based on the acknowledgment of past errors and the determination to avoid falling into similar errors in the future.

In the first place it is necessary to consider past errors because the vast majority of the electorate are unaware that any errors have been committed. No new policy can ever become popular until the old one has been proved to have been wrong. One of the first tests of a foreign policy, though admittedly not its only test, is whether or not it has been successful. In October, 1939, the then Prime Minister stated our war aims to be "to redeem Europe from the perpetual and recurring fear of German aggression and enable the peoples of Europe to preserve their independence and liberties." Nearly three and a half years after the end of the war no country in Europe enjoys more independence or liberty than it did in 1939, so even if Europe has been redeemed from German aggression, our war aims as a whole have not been achieved.

But far more serious than the failure to achieve the purpose for which we went to war is the fact that we have achieved by our intervention in the war exactly that unbalance in Europe which our ancestors had striven to prevent. It became the fashion among certain politicians during the thirties who belonged to the school of "idealistic" foreign policy to refer in disparaging terms to "balance of power" politics. In actual fact, the balance of power is not a particular system upon which to conduct foreign affairs but the result of the reaction of the natural instincts of the human animal when society is split up into independent sovereign States, and any statesman who ignores it does so to his country's peril. We ignored the balance of power when we adopted the slogan "unconditional surrender" which, according to the German generals (see *The Other Side of the Hill,* by Liddell Hart) needlessly prolonged the war and prevented the undoubted opposition to the Nazi Party from taking action to bring the war to an end.

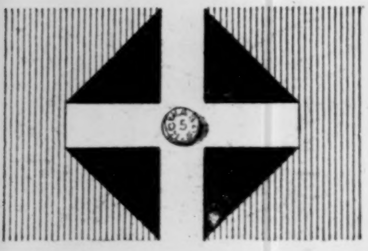
During the last ten years Churchill and Eden, followed by Bevin, have founded our foreign policy upon the following assumptions:

(1) That the French Army in 1939 was the best in Europe, or at all events was so strong that it represented the corner stone of our foreign policy.

(2) That Canning's principle of foreign policy, that our commitments should be in accordance with our powers, is no longer applicable in the modern world.

(3) That it is possible for us to interfere successfully either by guarantees, treaties or diplomacy in settling the frontiers of the nations of Central and Eastern Europe.

These assumptions are either false or in direct conflict with established British policy up to 1938. Successive British Governments up to that year had repeatedly told the French that they could not guarantee any frontier in Central or Eastern Europe.



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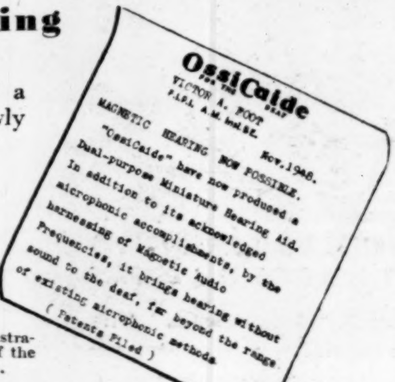

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If one asks what constructive suggestions can be now made for the reversal of a foreign policy that has already brought us disaster and may, if continued, result in calamity for this country and the whole British Empire, the answer is surely clear.

(1) We should revert to the policy of our ancestors of holding the balance of power in Europe by skilful diplomacy and refusal to ally this country with any particular Bloc of Powers.

(2) We should intervene in any war at a time and under conditions of our own choosing and should not handicap ourselves in advance by guarantees—such as the Polish guarantee of 1939—which oblige us to make war at a time which is chosen, not by ourselves, but by our enemies.

(3) We should not dismiss the possibility that in any future war our interests would be best served by a policy of neutrality.

Mr. Churchill's recent speech at the Conservative Conference reinforces my argument, as it clearly shows that the Conservative Party has merely transferred to Stalin the sentiments expressed before and during the war concerning Hitler, and is still lacking in any policy other than a blind belief that all would be well if only Stalin would behave "decently."

R. M. TURTON

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THE LABOUR PARTY'S DILEMMA

SIR,—So far from denying, Dr. Bruegel confirms what I wrote, namely that "the overwhelming majority of the European working class, outside Switzerland, the Anglo-American zones of occupation [which include half of Austria] and the small democracies of North-Western Europe, have accepted and stuck to Communist or United Front Trade Union and political leadership."

He enumerates the countries I referred to in general terms as the exceptions, then specifices Yugoslavia as included in the rest of Europe where the working class is Communist, and after that, still following me, admits that "a considerable proportion" of the workers in France and Italy have "joined the Communist ranks." Let me amplify his discreetly vague phrase. In Italy the Executive Committee of the *Confederazione Generale del Lavoro* (T.U.C. General Council) at the time of the Italian General Election, had 75 members, of whom 58 were Democratic Front (39 Communists, 19 Nenni Socialists), and the remaining 17 were split up into small groups, of from one to five, of Christian Democrats, Independents, Left Republicans, and "Unity" Socialists. It is undisputed that the Democratic Front, including the C.G.L. and Socialist and Communist Parties, polled the overwhelming majority of the working-class vote.

The "Unity" Socialists, who now enjoy the favours of Transport House and Dr. Bruegel, are a small, Right-wing, middle-class breakaway from the Italian Socialist Party, led by Signors Saragat and Lombardo, and embedded in the ruling capitalist coalition. They polled 7 per cent of the votes at the election and may best be likened to a sort of MacDonaldite or National Commonwealth Party. Their view after the election was quoted in our papers as being "all we need now to get going is the support of the workers!" Meanwhile they themselves are supporting the capitalists against the workers.

As for France, I call the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to witness. In an article in the American weekly the *New Republic* of May 10th, Mr. Kingsley Martin said that the French Government, which is a capitalist coalition with the Socialist Party as a very junior partner, was not a "Third Force" Government at all but a "government of bankers" existing by sufferance of General de Gaulle. He admitted that the French workers are "predominantly Communist"; that General de Gaulle "would subjugate the mass of trade unionists, three-fourths of whom are avowed Communists"; but that nevertheless "the majority of Socialists tend to prefer de Gaulle to the Communists."

Since Mr. Martin wrote the situation has got steadily worse. The French Socialist Party, which has lost two-thirds of its members and half its voters since 1945, including most of its working-class members and supporters, is now a helpless prisoner in an ever more reactionary and Gaullist capitalist coalition. The French workers' average real wage is 45 per cent of what it was in 1938. His standard of living has gone back to 1884 and is still sinking. Four-fifths of his wages go to buying food. The French miners are striking, not because of "Communist manœuvres" but because they are half starving and desperate. Even old John Lewis, the devoutly capitalist American miners' leader, took the French Government to task for "shooting down miners who are striking because they are hungry."

The answer of M. Jules Moch, the "Socialist" Home Secretary of the capitalist coalition, has been to put coloured troops from Africa and the hated Security Guards into the field against the strikers and to draft an anti-strike law as harsh as the Taft-Hartley Act, which has proved too reactionary even for the American public to stand.

"Critic" drew attention recently to the fact that President Auriol wanted to include Communists in a coalition Government in order to save the Republic, but that the U.S.A. threatened to withdraw Marshall Plan aid if he did. General de Gaulle utilised the occasion to give a press interview in which he said he would consider himself released from the restraints of legality and free to use force if the Communists were brought into a coalition. The Communists happen to be the biggest party in the State, with the most votes at the last election—about six million—and the largest number of M.P.s—about one-third of the total; they also happen to represent nearly all the working-class vote and over 75 per cent. of the Trades Unions.

In short, Dr. Bruegel's "democratic" Socialists have deserted the workers, joined a capitalist coalition which half starves them, shoots them down and passes vicious anti-strike legislation when they go on strike in desperation, accepts foreign intervention to keep themselves in power against their own working-class, and looks for salvation to a Fascist General who openly threatens force to overthrow the Republic and establish a dictatorship, smash the Trade Unions and throttle the workers.

If Dr. Bruegel pins his faith to "democratic" Socialists of that kidney, he will find himself following them and the phantom "Third Force" all the way into the camp of Fascism on the way to the third world war.

He will be plodding in the footsteps of our leaders (and Mr. Churchill). Out of anti-Communist fanaticism they have already come down on the side of the capitalists in Greece, in Italy and in France, with dire consequence to the workers of those countries and in the end of ours. I regard that as morally wrong and politically suicidal. Dr. Bruegel apparently doesn't. So now we know.

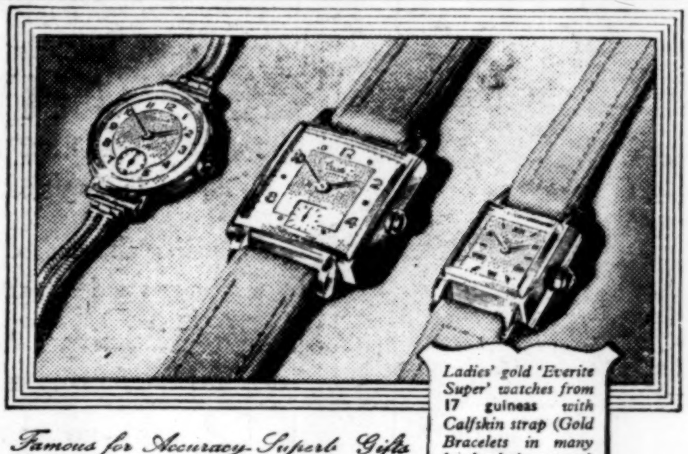
K. ZILLIACUS

ANTI-SOVIET CONCOCTIONS

SIR,—While travelling on the Continent I happened by chance to buy on a railway bookstall a copy of a magazine called *Europe-Amérique*, published at 19 Grand' Place, Brussels. In this issue I was startled to come across the 9th instalment (if you please!) of the following:

LA VIE INTIME DE STALINE
par
ALEXANDER WERTH
A. CLIFFORD
CEDRIC SALTER
et l'ensemble des correspondants de presse
britannique à Moscou.

Judging from the two instalments I have since seen, this *Vie Intime* is the usual concoction of tripy anti-Soviet propaganda (complete with atrocities, imaginary conversations with Stalin, and whatnot).



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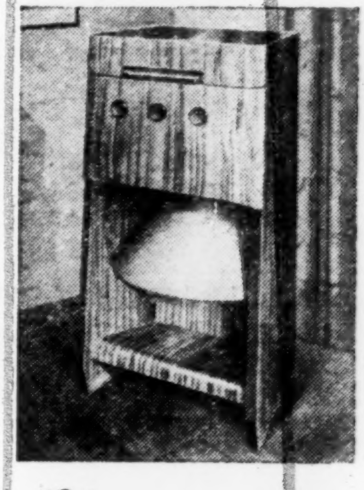

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I do not know whether my colleagues Alex Clifford and Cedric Salter (who were not Moscow correspondents, anyway), or the *ensemble* (whoever they are) were consulted. For my own part I had never heard of *Europe-Amérique* before. However, it is not the first time that I have found my name at the head of bloodcurdling anti-Soviet articles which I had never written.

How many such forgeries there have been? It is difficult to keep track of that sort of thing. It seems obvious that the stuff is published in the hope that the "author" (or, in this case, the "principal author") will not see it, or will not take any action, even if he does.

I suppose horror stories about Russia carry more weight when signed by responsible journalists "with a name," but is it not high time that legal action were taken which would discourage such fraudulent practices in future? I should be grateful if you would publish this letter as a warning to other gutterpress editors on the Continent. ALEXANDER WERTH

DEADLOCK IN CYPRUS

SIR,—In your comments on Cyprus you state that "after lengthy deliberation only a rump of the Consultative Assembly . . . was prepared to go ahead on the only basis the British were prepared to accept," which basis "would have given Cyprus a form of self-government something less than that obtained by the Indian provinces before the war and something more than that prevailing in most Colonial territories." This might be excellent for one versed in the mysteries of the constitutional labyrinth of past and present British Empire, but to the average reader it would give the impression that a constitutional advance has been rejected by the Cypriots.

As it has been the habit of British Governors, from Storrs to Winster, to accuse the Cypriots of intractability and strong, or perhaps, wrong headedness, a view that has been echoed by the British press not excepting THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, perhaps you will allow me to state as briefly as possible what, in fact, has been offered to Cyprus.

In July, 1947, the Colonial Secretary of Cyprus invited a number of persons and organisations to take part in a Consultative Assembly to make recommendations on the form of "constitution to be established in order to secure participation by the people of Cyprus in the direction of the internal affairs of the island." Once the Assembly met and the formalities were over, the Cypriot representatives discovered that they were free to make proposals only in so far as they conformed to certain terms of reference which debarred them from making a constitution enabling them to control their own affairs. The Assembly reached a deadlock almost immediately.

Then Mr. Creech Jones submitted his own outline and asked the Assembly to debate it. He intimated at the same time that under no circumstances could he go further. According to Mr. Creech Jones' outline, Cyprus was given a Legislative Assembly with practically no power. The Legislature could not discuss the "status of Cyprus within the British Commonwealth" or any "money Bill or resolution which in the opinion of the Governor affects defence, external affairs, or the special interests of minorities or any Bill amending the Constitution." The Governor was also given reserve Legislative powers; "that is to say, power to declare a Bill or motion to have effect as if it had been duly passed if (a) he considers that it is expedient in the interests of public order . . . and (b) if it has been rejected by the Legislature or passed in a form which is unacceptable."

The Constitution, in addition, would have provided "for disallowance of laws by His Majesty."

As far as the Executive authority was concerned, "general responsibility for the Executive would remain vested in the Governor, as representative of the King" . . . and the Constitution would "provide that the Governor would not be bound to take the advice of his Executive Council . . ." Needless to say, all Executive members are officials appointed by Whitehall.

Such a Constitution, which in theory appears to be an improvement on "absolute rule," in fact would have been a continuation of the regime which has been in force in Cyprus since 1931, i.e. another variant of despotism with a constitutional fig-leaf.

The Cypriots have rejected it. They demand a Constituent Assembly to enable them to frame a Constitution of their own choice. E. JOANNIDES

Committee for Cyprus Affairs,
31 Percy Street, W.1.

"ON DEFENDING A TELEPHONE" EXCHANCE"

SIR,—Your contributor, Mr. Alex. Comfort, suggests that his model "a-social society," described in last week's article, gives us a picture of contemporary life in the Western democracies, but surely his pessimism is exaggerated? It is true that "Our own society is the first to come under contemporary scientific observation," but is it really as black and sterile as he contends?

In Britain we see emerging a new adult society—responding to the need for self-control and the sense of responsibility. To quote Mr. H. L. Matthews, London Correspondent of the *New York Times*: "There is no form of Government or Society that demands more from the individual than Socialism"—and does not the restraint and acceptance of "fair shares" shown by the mass of the public justify a hope that these demands are being met? Sir Stafford Cripps' recent welcome deviation from his usual gloomy exhortations would imply as much, and contradicts the notion that "Defeat may save such a society by giving it a respectable and legitimate focus for its pent-up desire to smash things—victory is rapidly fatal to it."

I would entirely agree that the "a-social society" might well result from a third world war and that it may prove impossible to defend our present culture against atomic warfare, but it is false to attribute our defencelessness to "the necessity of going back as individuals to objectless and unoccupied loneliness."

Such things as full employment, the growing enrichment of life through increased enjoyment of the arts, the comfort of the new social services must surely act as a counterweight to our "to-morrowless" outlook? ARIEL CRITTALL

SPECTACLES

SIR,—May I add one or two comments of my own to those so well expressed by a colleague in the current issue of your journal?

The ophthalmic service is indeed a boon to a large number of people, particularly old folk, who were prevented by lack of means, before the commencement of the new Health Service, from obtaining spectacles. However, the public should be made to realise that a considerable proportion of opticians and ophthalmic medical practitioners are regarding the scheme less as a social service, than as a means of feathering their own nests.

Unlike your correspondent who sees six or seven patients a day, these people, by cursory treatment, manage to cope with twenty or thirty during the same time. Furthermore, owing to a loophole in the actual scheme, some opticians are employing unqualified personnel, and merely attending to the formality of signing a form. It is quite obvious, therefore, that the spirit of the service is not being carried out in these circumstances.

I would suggest that, failing the introduction of a clinic system where remuneration would not be in proportion to the number of patients seen, the present scheme be amended in order that (a) a limit be imposed as to the number of eye examinations allowed per day; and (b) it be made impossible for unqualified opticians to be employed.

F. S. M. C.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THOUGH the fashion grows for pretending that the correct description of the Twenties is the Jazz Age, and that it was a time of light-minded triviality and escapism, it remains one of the most exciting periods in literary history. A wealth of new material about human behaviour was available as a result of new developments in classical scholarship, historical research, anthropology, and scientific psychology; and ways of handling this material, developed by Hardy, Henry James, Proust, and the great Russians, had opened limitless possibilities to the novelists of an immensely gifted generation. In America, above all, great things seemed to be about to happen; a society with an Elizabethan vigour was bursting out on every side with creative geniuses who wrote as naturally as they breathed. Everything pointed towards an immensely rich and diverse cultural flowering, to an explosion of creativity comparable with the Florentine or Venetian explosions of painting, the English Elizabethan or Romantic explosions of the poetic gift, or the Russian burst of novel writing . . . and what it has all, in the end, amounted to! The American novel of the Twenties, with its vitality, is speed, its direct approach to new fields of experience, its lean, muscular language has vanished.

What promises so well for Mr. Geismar's study* of the American novel from 1915 to 1925 is that of the writers he has chosen to discuss—Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson, and Scott Fitzgerald—all but Anderson made the main theme of their writing an analysis of the lethal factor which was at work in their society and upon their art. The word art is perhaps not altogether the *mot juste* for Mr. Mencken's output—he seems, more than anyone else who ever lived, to be a newspaperman writing for the next edition with a boy waiting to hurry his copy, sheet by sheet, to the printers —but on examination he presents more affinities with Flaubert than anyone else. His line of attack on America is almost exactly that of Flaubert's attack on bourgeois France, on its complacent and witless betrayal of all the intellectual concepts by which it professed to live. Throughout the great red scare of the Twenties Mencken was deriding the boob and boobocracy —the democracy capable of putting people in jail for publishing the Bill of Rights that defined the individual freedoms which were its foundation. The boob was the standardless man in the street, Huckleberry Finn's grandson reared in the urban, steel and concrete desert instead of the wilderness. He had never owned a book or read one since he left school, never seen a picture off a calendar or an advertisement, never taken an interest in anything beyond the sports pages and his own bodily satisfactions. Mencken suggested that, with his boundless self-satisfaction, and his incapacity for thought, the boob was the worst enemy yet encountered by Western civilisation. Mencken set himself the task of blowing up the Whitmanesque tradition of boobworship—the worship of the instinctive life as opposed to the intellectual life—and of establishing a belief in intellect and in values.

Another element which figures in Mencken is an apparently anti-intellectual approach to European culture and which it is difficult for the European to appreciate. This is seen much more clearly in Willa Cather's very different writing. She lived hard as a child in pioneering Nebraska, and even harder as a school teacher and part-time journalist in the raw crudity of Pittsburgh in the Nineties. In that ugliest of industrial cities she fell under the spell of Henry James, and in the light of that admiration made herself a writer. Unlike James, she decided that the salve for the emptiness and insufficiency which was rotting America was not something to be found in Europe, or in a European system of values which one could import. It was to be found by an analysis of the failures of the various European systems which had been brought into the new continent. Her novels are such analyses, gracefully and unforbiddingly expressed in negotiable terms of individual behaviour. There are two kinds of people, those for whom life is what happens to their persons and their property, and those for whom life is their feelings and their thoughts. The industrial revolution has destroyed the balance in this conflict and put overwhelming power into the hands of the first group, who are now remaking society in their own image. The consequences are likely to be the extinction of civilisation, since the person-and-property mind conceives people as things-personnel-units of the labour force—integers of minor importance in the socially effective group or mass. The only hope for America is a return to those ideas of the preciousness of individuals which Europe has rejected in favour of materialism. Europe has had nothing to offer America but poison—it found a natural wilderness, a sort of Eden, and from its innocence and beauty carved Pittsburgh. America is Europe in defeat, its completest failure in the face of its greatest opportunity.

Willa Cather's theme of the betrayal of the individual plays an even more noticeable part in Sinclair Lewis's work. *Babbitt* is not simply derision of Boosterism and a futile way of life, but the tragedy of the collapse of Babbitt's natural virtue under materialist pressure. He knows that it is his birthright to be important as a person, and that it is his duty to value others for what they are. But he has been taught to recognise success and failure only in the bank account sense, and he has no way of discerning the really valuable things in himself or others. The most acute passages in the book are those which describe Babbitt's return to the fold and his acceptance of a bogus personality, as a Brother Booster, Real Guy, and Member of the Clan of Good Fellows, as a surrogate for that inward something which he does not know how to find. This ability to offer manhood and personality to the lost individuals in the modern mass is the real source of power of the new, destructive, hate-motivated political movements, and one can only admire Lewis's perceptiveness in recognising it and writing about it as early as 1922. That admiration has to be tempered, however, by the admission that he never had a second idea. He had a dim vision of the scientific worker's search for truth as a liberating end-in-itself which might set people free from the success and failure dichotomy, but it eluded him; and his gropings among the decaying fragments of American Protestantism produced as little—the religious mind being as ill-served by *Elmer Gantry* as the scientific was by *Arrowsmith*. But perhaps his loyalty to his one flash of clairvoyance adds conviction to his argument. Fred Cornplow, the 1937 model Babbitt, says, "... those are the real wars, men against women, parents against children, not all this monkey business in Europe. . . ." Cass Timberlane of 1945, who hears of Pearl Harbour on his honeymoon, says it again, "If the world of the twentieth century, he vowed, cannot succeed in this one thing, married love, then it has committed suicide. . . ." But the marriage in which he is involved—so brilliantly taken apart in Wolcott Gibbs' parody *Shad Ampersand*—is not an arrangement that could conceivably give anybody joy or emotional security, and, when Timberlane has adjusted his dream of what it should be to the tom cat and puss reality that his wife insists upon, it is clear that suicide is being described.

Nobody has drawn the emotional tension and the anxiety engendered by such marriages better than Scott Fitzgerald in *The Great Gatsby*, and no American writer has equalled his description of the intimate connection between private and public disorder. The confusion and violence of the relationship between Tom Buchanan and his wife Daisy is more than can be contained by two people, it brims over and slops out to form a lake in which other people are trapped and destroyed. Tom appears to have married to give the status of adultery to his ephemeral ruttings; to give them some emotional reality as a source of pain to his wife, who has in him the desired certainty of being hurt and betrayed. Gatsby intrudes on this perfect arrangement for long drawn out suicide with his conception of love as mutual trust, candour, and devotion, and in horror the Buchanans turn on him and destroy him. He is as vulnerable as Babbitt because, like him, he has never encountered the intellectual processes by which dreams of love, honour, order and kindness are imported into the world of accident and established as realities. He never heard from any church; his shiftless father, failing on a run out farm, only impressed on him the importance of succeeding or getting by; and as a millionaire's hanger-on he learned that what makes dreams come true is money—a lesson driven home when Daisy refused to marry him because he had none. He achieves complete success in the financial sense as the partner of a big-time gambler who is organising bootlegging and racketeering on business lines, and it is his tragedy, as it is that of his society, that he cannot see that in winning this sort of success he has cut himself off irretrievably from the world in which his dreams might possibly have been fulfilled.

Fitzgerald's descriptions of the filling of such empty vessels as Gatsby have the precision, and the horrifying effect, of those medical handbooks which describe the progress of fatal diseases so dispassionately that one suspects the writer of admiring the disease. But Fitzgerald admired his characters and their lives no more than Maupassant admired Bel Ami or the sort of life he lived; for him, as for the French writer, his society is a murderously destructive machine.

It is with something of shock that one realises in what terms Mr. Geismar has chosen to discuss all this ruthless social criticism. Someone (one suspects Mr. Edmund Wilson) has told him that works of art are reflections of contemporary social and economic trends—in short, he approaches these superabundantly conscious minds as if they were so many Ouija Boards blindly taking a message out of the dark. He also believes in progress and an interpretation of American history: in 1915-25 the nation was maturing as an industrial world power after a farming adolescence, so its arts ought to have matured then; and, since progress is a good thing, its art should have been optimistic. Sherwood Anderson, alone in the list, is a mature writer, because he expresses the hope that "something good may come out of all this," and because he transcends his class origins —overcoming the disabilities of education and financial independence and becoming as interested in the moment, and as uncouth about it, as the most under-privileged of his employees. If Mencken were any good he would express faith in democracy; Willa Cather is an escapist because she doesn't write about banking and the stock exchange; Sinclair Lewis is no good because he writes about the middle class and its ideas; Scott Fitzgerald is no good (although gifted) because his characters are worthless people. Mr. Geismar, in fact, tears these writers apart for not making *his* use of their material; he discusses, not their work, but their failure to write his ideal novel. That would be about the present (it is unhealthy to write about the past), about an issue that was "news"; it would be in Huckleberry Finn's speech; it would have no unpleasant Jewish or coloured characters; it would express a virile faith in "an American future" in which an effete middle class had been replaced by robust and honest proletarians. Above all, it would avoid the neurotic middle-class obsession with private pleasure, private pain, and individual character, and would deal with realities—economic forces at work on socially important masses. Mr. Geismar leaves one no doubt about what it was that aborted the American novel, or why so many American writers appear to be working on a part-time basis, between bouts of solid, determined, self-annihilating drinking.

ANTHONY WEST

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* *The Last of the Provincials*. By Maxwell Geismar. *Secker and Warburg*. 16s.

The Great Gatsby. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. *Grey Walls Press*. 8s. 6d.

LORD LLOYD

The Life of Lord Lloyd. By COLIN FORBES ADAM. *Macmillan.* 21s.

Lord Lloyd died at the moment when, as Secretary of State for the Colonies in Mr. Churchill's Government, he held a post which was the culmination of all his past experience, and in which the policy he pursued would have been the supreme test of his powers. There is no doubt of his high capacity, his intense convictions, and his administrative ability. He was a brave soldier; he was a fearless Governor of Bombay; as High Commissioner for Egypt he knew what he wanted to do, and sought its consummation with all the vigour of his ardent nature. Mr. Adam writes of him as a devoted friend would write. But he has made what is, on the whole, a convincing picture, though it may be doubted whether, in affection for his subject, he has given enough weight to the criticism of those who did not see eye to eye with him.

Once Lord Lloyd had developed his passionate conviction that British imperial power was one of the supreme forces making for good in this world, he roughly divided the world into those who agreed with him and those who disagreed. He never found it easy to accept dissent. He found it less easy still to accept the authority of those to whom his loyalty was due. He was proud, though he was not vain; he was too determined to be capable of tolerance; and he had that traditional impulse to command which made him blind to the significance of those forces which disobeyed because they would not accept his premisses of action. He was a complex character, ambitious and yet disinterested, simple and yet loving all the panoply of office, devoted to the interests of the Oriental peoples among whom so much of his lot was cast, yet unable to see them except in the context of men who ought to be grateful for their privilege in being ruled by Downing Street. He would, I am sure, have given his life to improve the lot of the slum-dweller of Bombay, or the fellahin of Egypt. But he never understood why British control made Mr. Gandhi feel a slave and Zaghlut Pasha prefer exile to subordination. There is a real sense in which he belonged to the epoch of Kipling. He had too few doubts, little power of self-scrutiny, less patience still with the vague, rather formless, reaching towards freedom of men who could not be free unless they could somehow escape subordination to his determined efficiency, to the precision with which he defined his objectives and the unrelenting energy with which he pursued them. He was conscious of his great powers, and ambitious for their exercise. There was no humility in his composition. Despite all the evidence that Mr. Adam seeks to marshal on the other side, it is plain enough in these pages that he thought of the ordinary man as a person to be governed, to whom he was, no doubt, deeply anxious to do good, but whose effort to do good to himself left him unmoved. He thought those who disagreed with him were either his enemies or else incapable of understanding the problems to which he had the solution. Mr. Adam himself provides the proof of all this in his own account of Lloyd's relations with the two Viceroys, Lord Chelmsford and Lord Reading, his attitude to the nationalism of Egyptians and Indians, and, on the other side, the ardour with which he embraced the Arab cause.

Mr. Adam would have shown it even more clearly had he dug a little deeper into the facts about Lord Lloyd's dispute with Mr. Arthur Henderson, when the latter, as Foreign Secretary, compelled his resignation from the office of High Commissioner of Egypt. What is important for the grasp of Lloyd's character in that important episode is not the difference between him and Mr. Henderson over policy. What is important is the fact that he owed obedience to the Foreign Secretary, and that when this obedience was asked for, he sought to withhold it until, as he himself said, he had consulted the leaders of his Party. That was the point upon which he broke with Mr. Henderson. Effectively, he wanted office on his own terms; he had no patience with those who questioned those terms. Mr. Adam calls this an "over-eager restlessness," and thinks it unjust to call it arrogance. But rarely to see the other side of a case because you are certain you are right, always to believe that you can do better for others than they can do for themselves, eager to do the right thing, but always to be sure that the thing you want to do is unquestionably right, these are not exactly humility.

Let it be added that it was not easy even for a critic of Lloyd's to know him even slightly without the rapid development of liking for him. I saw him some half-dozen times in the late summer and autumn of 1940. I shall not easily forget his passionate anxiety that everything should be done on behalf of the blitzed people of London. Even more, I was deeply impressed by the swift efficiency with which he sought for action from his relevant colleagues. He was a man of authority and decision—he knew what he wanted. He moved impatiently to get what he wanted. He knew how to co-operate with men of ability who shared his point of view. I think his imagination halted at the point where he encountered wills as firm and undeviating as his own. He had great ambition, but he related it to a faith he held greatly. He enjoyed these exercises of power, but he sought to use it for ends he was convinced were noble. He never spared himself in any cause for which he cared. If there were matters of profound importance to which he was blind, if he looked backward rather than forward for his inspiration, he was always a man of high purpose, sensitive and compassionate. He too often suffered from intellectual pride. He too often failed to understand that he might be wrong. But Mr. Adam's tribute confirms my own impression that, in all his impetuous complexity, his power to win the regard of his critics was as real as his anxiety to do the big thing in a big way. He never lost the ardour to serve, even though he sought to command in order to serve. With all his limitations, he stands out in this portrait as a gallant and attractive figure—a good friend and an enemy who, if he was ruthless, fought always with clean weapons and a pride in finding that his opponent had a courage as honourable as his own.

HAROLD J. LASKI

NEW NOVELS

The Golden Warrior. By HOPE MUNTZ. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.

Other Voices, Other Rooms. By TRUMAN CAPOTE. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

The Conspirator. By HUMPHREY SLATER. *Lehmann.* 8s. 6d.

An Air that Kills. By FRANCIS KING. *Home & Van Thal.* 9s. 6d.

Cry, The Beloved Country. By ALAN PATON. *Cape.* 9s. 6d.

A novel about the Norman conquest of England and the confused events which led up to it. I think the reviewer may be pardoned for approaching it with some sinking of the spirits. But *The Golden Warrior*, as Professor Trevelyan says in his introduction, is a remarkable book. I read it with continually increasing fascination. For Miss Muntz subjects herself wholly to her material; she is not concerned with interpreting Harold or William in terms of modern theories of history and pyschology, or with seeking to draw

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parallels between past and present; her novel is entirely free from the faintest smell of symbolism. She has tried simply to recreate the eleventh century in its own terms, and she has succeeded in the most masterly fashion. The clue to her success lies, I think, in her style, which is a very artful adaptation of Anglo-Saxon models, derived, I suspect, rather from the idiom of such poems as the "Maldon" fragment than from the prose of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. The result might have been of archæological interest only, or it might have been ludicrous, like Barnes's attempts to reform the language by going back to Anglo-Saxon principles of word-formation. It is neither. The passages in which Miss Muntz lapses into something like literal translation of Anglo-Saxon idiom are very infrequent indeed; for the most part one is conscious of nothing more than a highly stylised, faintly archaistic expression. That is enough to force us to accept Miss Muntz's convention, enough to allow her to sustain the heroic note throughout, and enable her to weave a tapestry in which the principal figures, though they must appear a little larger than life to the modern reader, since the values that move them are so different from those normally found in fiction, are always triumphantly alive. But no less striking is the success with which Miss Muntz fills up the background of her tapestry, the accretion of tiny details which together make a unique picture of England before the Conquest. Nothing is more difficult to capture than the feel of life in Anglo-Saxon England; it is possible, indeed it is the rule rather than the exception, to spend three years in a university reading Old English texts and emerge at the end little the wiser as far as knowledge of everyday life is concerned. It is Miss Muntz's great achievement that she pierces through the barrier of remoteness summed up by the date 1066 and recreates the great Christian civilisation of Alfred and his successors. I imagine it will be many years before her rendering of it is superceded.

With Mr. Capote's *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, we are back in one of the most familiar scenes of modern fiction, back in the American novelists' own Barsetshire, the Deep South. Lovers of that region will be glad to note that Mr. Capote reports no great change in its customs: families still decline, their mansions still decay; perversion continues to flourish, the rape of nubile Negresses is taken for granted; the miasma of swamp and near-lunacy prevails even as it did when Mr. Faulkner first mapped the country. What, apart from two sinister old Negroes named Jesus Fever and Little Sunshine, has Mr. Capote to add to Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Caldwell and Miss Welty in his story of a boy transplanted from the comparatively normal atmosphere of New Orleans to live in a swamp with his paralysed father, his almost imbecile step-mother and her homosexual brother? Certainly there is no lessening of the obscurity which traditionally shrouds events in the fiction of the Deep South, but Mr. Capote is the possessor of a prose style of exquisite sensibility through which he manages to turn the conventional properties of his story all to favour and to prettiness; the boy Joel's emotions of curiosity, fear and terror in the strange world in which he finds himself are employed to create an atmosphere half nightmare and half fairy tale. In fact, the atmosphere is the novel; I admired the beauty of the author's descriptive passages both of the countryside and of the people in it without being in the least moved by the characters or the story. Mr. Capote's is, it seems to me, a thoroughly inbred talent. *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, has been extremely highly praised in America; understandably so; but a comparison between this first novel and, say, Mr. Faulkner's *Soldier's Pay*, shows to what extent our expectations of young writers have dwindled in the past twenty years.

Mr. Slater's *The Conspirator* will probably be *the* popular novel of the year. Topical, entertaining, accomplished, it manages to combine the qualities of a political thriller with those of a glossy-magazine presentation of fashionable society. Mr. Slater gives us the lowdown on Mayfair brides and Moscow bureaucrats with equal assurance and plausibility. It is an essentially smooth, slick performance. It is not surprising that Hollywood has bought the film rights. In the film the fundamental weakness of the novel, if *The Conspirator* is to be judged as a work with somewhat more pretensions than a simple thriller, will not matter. Mr. Slater's central character, Major Desmond Ferneaux-Lightfoot, Grenadier Guards, a guardee Ouida need not have been ashamed of, is a traitor, a secret member of the Communist Party who is handing over British military secrets to agents of the Soviet Union. We have learnt enough of treachery in recent years to know that there is nothing intrinsically improbable in the situation at the heart of Mr. Slater's book; but what is interesting in traitors is surely not so much that they are treacherous as how they came to be treacherous. It is here that Mr. Slater fails completely; the all-important question of how Major Desmond-Ferneaux-Lightfoot, Grenadier Guards, comes to be the man he is, is treated sketchily, indeed perfunctorily, and because of this he is never more than a lay-figure. A good thriller—and *The Conspirator* is certainly that—is better than nothing, but the subject Mr. Slater has chosen to deal with, so fascinating and of such significance for our time, demands something more than that.

I have not read Mr. Francis King's earlier novels, but I suspect that *An Air That Kills* does not represent him at his best. It is a study of the relationship between a frustrated uncle and a frustrated nephew. The boy revolts against what he misinterprets as the older man's homosexual interest in him and rebounds into a sordid affair with a most unpleasant widow; from there he drops into a suicidal extremity of disillusion from which only the uncle's devotion rescues him. The plot is very neatly worked out—too neatly; my impression is that Mr. King has been so bent on working it out that in the process he has sacrificed his characters to it. He has erred, too, it seems to me, in choosing to tell his story through the mouth of the uncle, for he does not quite surmount the difficulties which the first-person narration of a complex series of events imposes upon the novelist. Nevertheless, I had the feeling all the time that here was a young novelist consciously experimenting with the tools of his craft, so that though *An Air That Kills* is a failure, it is the sort of failure that makes me look forward with curiosity to Mr. King's next novel.

Cry, The Beloved Country, is the first novel of a writer who in his own country has won distinction in other fields: Mr. Paton, his publishers tell us, is principal of the largest reformatory for delinquent native boys in South Africa. His novel is a study of the effect on the African of the breakdown that white domination has caused in the tribal system. The story is simple. The Rev. Stephen Kumalo, a Zulu clergyman of the Church of England, goes to Johannesburg to look for his son and his sister, who have disappeared in that city. He finds them: the woman has become a prostitute, the boy is under arrest for the murder of a white man. In certain respects the novel is amateurish; I was quite unconvinced by the good that comes out of the particular evil Mr. Paton describes. But *Cry, The Beloved Country*, is impressive because of the moral distinction of the author's mind, his charity and pity. In the character of Kumalo he has created

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COLLINS

a moving and wholly acceptable symbol of human goodness, and though the subject matter is grim enough the novel is irradiated throughout by what I can only feel to be the author's own goodness.

WALTER ALLEN

THE EMPTY FLASK

A Preface to Eighteenth-Century Poetry. By JAMES SUTHERLAND. *Oxford University Press.* *12s. 6d.*

Professor Sutherland, in *A Preface to Eighteenth-Century Poetry,* draws a brilliant and highly intelligible chart of the mental weather which made Augustan poetry what it is. The process of charting is indeed found to be a progress of deletions. It is as though the complicated and stormy weather systems of an earlier and ruder age were replaced by a settled and regular climate which gave at the right seasons the correct kinds of poetry. (The odd thing is that something very like this seems to have happened to the real weather during exceptionally long periods in the first half of the century.) First enthusiasm and inspiration went out under the dreadful memory of the recent disturbances and the horrid fear of such fanatics as Muggleton and Nayler. Private thoughts and personal feelings became eccentricity. Then poetry was to be kept clear of the fiery particles of life; it must speak in generalisation. The new belief in the ability of science to produce general laws gave a fillip to the precepts of Horace. "Nature" meant, as to the Stoics, a system of laws, not separate patches of star, bud and moth. "Whatever is familiar," wrote Reynolds, "or in any way reminds us of what we see and hear every day, perhaps does not belong to the higher provinces of art, either in painting or poetry." Then restraint and propriety banished ordinary expressions of feeling: ordinary language disappeared. The elegances of urban civilisation were so narrowly divided from the filth of the streets and the grossness of the mob, and in the country so much boorishness lay so near the paternalism of Sir Roger, that refinement seemed an important duty. Professor Sutherland gives a fascinating account of the passionately felt objections of the time to the "low" (not bawdy but merely ordinary) language of Shakespeare. Hence the insistence on poetic diction, "language which had been passed through a kind of linguistic sieve." It is a good point that this language, though it ended by lulling and boring, must originally have startled and delighted. In rejecting novelty there was a tendency to employ familiar poetic material. In dealing with this the Professor gives the history of the word "calenture"—a tropical delirium that attacked sailors. He traces it through Donne, Dryden, Rowe, Swift, Cowper and Wordsworth with what seems very like the pleasure of a virtuoso rendering his own cadenza. It is a good cadenza, and it gives pleasure to hand it the applause such performances seem to demand.

That is a brief summary of the notions Professor Sutherland presents with great subtlety and extraordinary charm. His writing is like the rare, best talk of dons. It flows in orderly good sense from settled notions based on all, or nearly all, the relevant information. It is enhanced by fresh examples—a great many passages of excellent and rarely printed verse, and the most telling excerpts from Augustan criticism. There are several shafts of extreme penetration. For example:

> The eighteenth-century critic thought of Fancy or Imagination as a sort of poetical emanation that flickered upon the surface of the poem, just as the Elizabethan mariners use to see in stormy weather what they called St. Elmo's fire, "streaming along with a sparkeling blaze, halfe the height upon the Maine Mast, and shooting sometimes from Shroud to Shroud."

Often the Professor courteously asks his reader if, now that this part of the system has been explained, he will not consent to enjoy eighteenth-century poetry more: the architecture, the furniture and *objets d'art* of the time have been long in fashion. Can he not now extend his taste to Augustan poetry? The reader will certainly improve his taste in this volume of polished and highly acceptable instruction; and, of course, he will enlarge his enjoyment. Escorted by Mr. Betjeman or Mr. Piper, one quickly acquires a taste for sham gothic chapels. Evidently the major poets of the eighteenth century are not to be equated with the eccentric architects of the nineteenth. They are brought together here to illustrate what appears to be a failing in Professor Sutherland: he gives the impression of attributing to the realm of taste and to "a change of critical attitude," matters that are really questions of principle.

He writes of particularisation in poetry:

> Nothing is easier to record than minute and unrelated particulars . . . A schoolboy will fill his letter home with such observations. But the Johnsonian observation, which after surveying mankind from China to Peru arrives at a general view of man's nature, is something far more difficult of attainment . . . One of those wide shifts of taste has occurred. The twentieth-century reader tends to be relatively uninterested in the general, and sharply aware of and satisfied with the particular.

After noting the plain fact that the schoolboy who can record sensory detail accurately is either exceptionally gifted or very well trained, we are aware that correct observations have been made. But when we read in the next paragraph that Blake's retort to Reynolds—"To generalise is to be an idiot. To particularise is the alone distinction of merit"—is "symptomatic of a change in critical attitude," we may feel we have reached the sad side of academicism. The important question is not whether particularisation is easy or fashionable or admired by critics, but what is its function in poetry. To carry the argument a step further, what matters is not to observe that Wordsworth was influenced by Coleridge when he wrote: "Our meddling intellect Misshapes the beauteous forms of things," but to ask whether this is or is not true. If our experience is that it is true, then one of the eternal functions of poetry is to revive our senses so that they perceive not generalisations but things. Because eighteenth-century poets largely but not entirely denied this function in practice, whereas their mentors, the Greeks and Romans denied it mainly in theory, we are wise to restrict our faith in them. Still, one would like to know why the mighty generalisation, "Sunt lacrimæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt," remains the most moving line in Western poetry. Professor Sutherland, who follows the method of explaining the influences and bidding us be sensitive and enjoy, is not the man to explain this; or even to give reasons why the concluding passage of *The Dunciad,* for example, is not merely brilliant verse but great poetry. However, this comes near to crabbing his *Preface* for not being what it does not intend to be, an examination of the principles of poetry. As an examination of the principles of eighteenth-century poetry it is "judicious, clear, succinct" and extremely delightful to read.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

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Watkins's poems is—ostensibly, at any rate—religious. There are meditations on Resurrection, or Sin, on aspects of the Divine Love; and the titles, *The Lady with the Unicorn, The Dove and the Gargoyle, The Healing of the Leper, The Good Samaritan*—indicate something of what we may expect. Criticism would not concern itself with the obvious right of Mr. Watkins to choose such subjects were it not for a rather serious fault connected with the nature of his choice. There is not, in the majority of these poems, a correspondence between the emotion and the capacity to find for it what Mr. Eliot has called an "objective correlative": "a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events . . ." The emotion is there somewhere. But, lacking this structure, it stays outside the words; while inside there is little except an exhausting sense of strain. A reader feels this in lifeless and over-careful arrangements (as in *The Healing of the Leper*), and in individual lines—"Their dreadful night accompanies our Springs," "Under the dove's miraculous language"—which have a deadish, didactic ugliness.

This fault may occur, because Mr. Watkins is not writing a poetry of pure religious experience (like Vaughan's "They are all gone into the world of light!") He oscillates; and transposes too abruptly from images with empiric and human to others with exclusively religious associations. "Rocks, and Fate's whistling, shattering breakers hit the shuddering scree." Whatever the context and *meaning* of the line, the words themselves have a vivid actuality, which sets up in the reader a certain type of expectance; he is to receive, he feels, some vivid expression of the impact of fate. Instead, after a few lines recalling Hopkins at his most rhetorical—"Heraclitean," there occur the words: "O strong, great hand, fold, fold the waters"; and it is obvious that we have moved, lock, stock, and barrel, to the other side of the fence. Or at least that Mr. Watkins has. He has deserted, disappearing into the mists of a private ecstasy, just when he most needed to keep his wits about him. To take a metaphor from a Turkish Bath, he has gone straight from the tepidarium, where temperatures are nearly normal, into the steam-room, where they aren't; delicious for him, but his readers are not ready to follow.

In one way, the Turkish Bath is a bad metaphor; for it is not heat which Mr. Watkins's poems suggest, but cold. They tend to a cold and silvery radiance, tracked only by threads and webs and filaments; they reject the grosser objects and colours. We can see how, for this unusual type of imagination, the religious subject may be a temptation and a danger. Substances are spun to a vanishing point, the very sea-mark of their utmost sail; and one feels, reading the more adorational poems, that the impetus in them arises less from intellectual or emotional passion than from this limiting imaginative bias. They lack both the solidity of Yeats and the force of Hopkins, from both of whom they borrow. Religion becomes religiosity; at its worst, a sort of Pre-Raphaelite tapestry, as in the title-poem.

But there are a few poems here—*Swallows Over the Weser, Rhossili, The Feather, The Butterflies, The Lace-Maker*—whose subjects have the right degree of tenuous intricacy. These poems are buoyed by an anti-gravitational impulse, akin to the best of Dylan Thomas. They show what Mr. Watkins is capable of. Supreme amongst them is the wonderful *Sardine-Fishers at Daybreak*, an evocation of dawn in 120 chill lines, of which I can quote only the close:—

> Sky is brightening while they are spent.
> Four men are standing afresh
> While one is crouching, bent,
> The crew rip open the tent
> Of light. With a knife they gash
> The brilliant, awakened sheet.
> They are shaking the silver fish.
> Caught, I see them flash,
> Fastened, glittering, steep
> Into blue threads drawn
> From darkness, wrung from sleep,
> Falling in that bright heap,
> Hung in the webs of dawn.

With Mr. Durrell we leave mists and mysteries and emerge into an elegant country, the country of a Watteauesque worldling. Paris, Athens, Venice, Rhodes, Beirut, a Mediterranean and a Classical landscape; and this is no journey through the veils of appearances (sardines for Mr. Durrell would be tinned already in "guaranteed oil"), but rather an *Embarquement Pour Cythère*, at times a witty harlequinade. Motley's the only wear.

It is, in fact, with something of the spirit of *L'Indifférent* that Mr. Durrell picks his way. It is a spirit not without elements of scorn and condescension. This does not demean the peaky particularities, with which Mr. Durrell describes the garden of an Italian villa, a Rhodian Captain, or an evening in Alexandria. But he also attempts poems of a more sweeping and capacious character; and it is just here that I find him disappointing. These poems begin boldly and spaciously, but at some point the bold line wavers. Sometimes this appears as a technical hitch, sometimes as a collapse into the trivial or the merely clever. It is impossible to feel, despite a frequent brilliance of image and idea, that the poems have sustained their own initial challenge. Perhaps a dislike of life is concealed in them somewhere.

It is difficult to show this by example; but a careful reader of such poems as the *Elegy on the Closing of the French Brothels, The Critics, The Prayer-Wheel, Song for Zarathustra*, and *On Seeming to Presume*, will feel it for himself, I believe. In the first of these an awkwardly placed verb carries the entire weight of the first seven lines; and there are other such limps of syntax, or sudden choice of some jarring and disagreeable word—for example, the last word in the line "The River's quietly flowing muscle"—which does not seem to justify its use. In *The Critics* Mr. Durrell makes something supposed to be the creative spirit of Shakespeare say:—

> Tell them I wont be back on Saturday.
> My wife will understand I'm on a bender.

And here it is not the use of a slang term, but of one so arch and feeble, which deflects sympathy and leaves one feeling that he has spoiled his case.

If this seems severe, it is nevertheless also a tribute to Mr. Durrell, that he challenges criticism at a high level. He isn't doing it all the time; and the less ambitious poems, the *Portraits* and *Anecdotes* and some others, can be enjoyed for their accurate and original strokes. *Green Coconuts*, for example, a grim picture of "bemused, benighted half-castes" at table:—

> . . . Milk of the green loaf-coconuts
> Which soon before them amputated stand,
> Broken, you think, from some great tree of breasts
> Or the green skulls of savages trepanned.
>
> Lips that are curved to taste this albumen,
> To dredge with some blue spoon among the curds
> Which drying on tongue or on moustache are tasteless
> As droppings of bats or birds . . .

To read Mr. Durrell after Mr. Watkins is to drink Marsala after drinking mountain water.

GILES ROMILLY

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Perhaps the reason for this is that most of the artists so far dealt with—Cruikshank, Doyle, Tenniel, du Maurier, and now Phil May—were mass-producers who drew for popular illustrated books printed by the hundred thousand, or for cheap magazines and newspapers. To present them apart from the books they illustrated, to give us a limited number of carefully selected drawings, is not really fair to these prolific pictorial journalists whose fecundity was their legitimate pride.

When we are invited to consider Phil May as a master draughtsman we realise that he was not quite that. At times his drawing becomes slick and superficial, his ideas of composition and design are too often commonplace, sometimes as a professional funny man he strains after a laugh until he becomes heavily facetious. These faults are evident in a small selection; it is when we look through a volume of *Punch* dating from the nineties that we realise Phil May was, and still is, important. In these heavy books, bound so monumentally in maroon half-leather or dark-green cloth, his drawings are outstanding.

They are outstanding because they are funny. He seems to be almost the only artist who was trying to be funny. The young Raven Hill for instance was a pleasant draughtsman whose style was closely modelled on that of Charles Keene, but his drawings were like illustrations to *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. The extreme realism of the young Bernard Partridge, the cold-blooded efficiency of Linley Sambourne with his innumerable card-indexed photographs, the steady reliability of John Tenniel interpreting every political situation in terms of British lions and classical females, all have their interest to the student of the period; but only May is funny.

To crack a joke at which posterity will smile is exceedingly hard to do. It is necessary to penetrate below the absurdities of speech and dress and manners to the essential absurdity of human nature. One must be acute at seeing, subtle and exact at recording. May at his best was both. One of the illustrations in John Thorpe's book shows us a wealthy man listening with an admiring, proprietorial leer while a young lady of the music halls explains how she would play Ophelia. The printed joke is silly, the girl uninteresting, the composition dull, but the leer is masterly and final. So men leered in Babylon: so they leer to-day. Posterity is amused.

May stuck very closely to the world he knew, a world which extended from Piccadilly to Whitechapel, taking in the music-halls on the way and including an occasional trip to the races. In this he is a complete contrast to his French contemporary, Caran d'Ache, who was at his funniest when designing novel crocodile traps. The odd imagination shown in the famous series of drawings "La Vache et le Train" was something quite outside the range of May, but Caran d'Ache would never have observed that leer with quite May's subtlety.

Caran d'Ache and Phil May were really the first of modern comic draughtsmen. Caran d'Ache developed the method of telling a story in a series of pictures—a method that has since degenerated into the comic strip. Phil May transformed the old convention of a few lines of dialogue illustrated by a single drawing; he cut out every non-essential even more firmly than Caran d'Ache did, and his best drawings show an astonishing economy of line. He applied the same principle to the captions. Mr. James Thorpe repeats a story that, when the editor of *Punch* wanted to put "You coward!" below a drawing of a lion tamer hiding among his lions from an angry wife, May objected to "you" as redundant.

May's work has been forged but even when the forgeries are discarded, what remains is very unequal, for he drew to amuse an admiring and uncritical audience. Had the circumstances of his life been different we might have known him as an artist of another kind; there is, for instance, a pencil drawing in the British Museum—an open-air café in the sunshine—as direct and evocative as a good Sickert. Perhaps after all the title of "Master of Black-and-White" may be conceded to this little Bohemian from Leeds with the sensitive face and the odd haircut who died at thirty-nine from cirrhosis of the liver.

STEPHEN BONE

HONEST ADVENTURE

Dragon Fangs. By CLAIRE AND WILLIAM BAND. *Allen and Unwin.* 18s.

Claire and William Band took to their heels and ran. Or, rather, they jumped into a stolen car with Michael Lindsay, whose illegal wireless had just informed him that Japan and America were at war. Half an hour away were the Japanese troops. A few miles ahead began the trail of guerilla contacts who led them from the city gates of Peiping to the safety of the Communist areas. Mr. and Mrs. Band were neither Communists nor "fellow travellers." He was a Professor of Physics in Yenching. She wanted nothing better than to live a quiet life in the philosophical atmosphere of Peiping. Hairbreadth adventures in deep ravines and dangerous treks across date-shrubbed plains and guerilla battle-grounds revealed to them a type of Chinese whom they had never met before. Here were people with a different approach to life; men and women who had never heard of atomic theory and quantum mechanics, but who greeted the party with banners: "Welcome to our anti-Fascist friends. Down with Hitler, Mussolini and Japan." They lived in conditions of extreme primitiveness as much unlike the exquisite homes of the rich Pekingese as the mud huts of an Indian villager are unlike the extravagant palaces of a Maharajah. The non-political Professor and his wife did not at once understand the cause and effect of these two factors. But they gradually appreciated the essentially practical conception of education which was part of the Communist outlook in the Border Regions.

Other people have lived with the Chinese Communists and written books about them. Edgar Snow, James Bertram, Guenther Stein and Israel Eppstein—to mention the most important. But they were all politically minded people, and their sympathies were mainly, if not entirely, with the Communists. The most fascinating part about *Dragon Fangs* is that it is a record of discovery, a diary of unexpected, even undesired, experiences, honestly written. It is a story of spontaneous reactions, generally friendly, sometimes critical and often naive. For this reason, as well as for the fact that the book provides an almost film-like record of peasant life in the Border Regions, I hope it will have a wide public. No one who reads it can fail to understand why the constructive work of the Chinese Communists in the Border Regions has made such a deep impression.

Enthusiasm for education as well as for guerilla warfare surprised these two academic visitors. They found no privileged class, exploiting an illiterate majority. The very aim of education seemed different in the courses of college science for guerillas which Professor Band delivered to students whose entire equipment could be carried on a mule's back and whose paper and chalk and ink were captured from the Japanese. His real mission, he felt, in those unaccustomed surroundings was "to fit China's youth to change their country, to stimulate them in their revolutionary endeavour."

Yet the Communists could not claim to have converted their two guests, much as they im-

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pressed them. Back in Chungking in 1944, they were too easily persuaded to maintain silence about their experiences. It is true that they felt mean when they refused to give straight answers to newspaper men, and they regretted that their "decontamination" forced them to pass by on the other side when a Communist appeared on the horizon. After three months they were given a semi-official appointment which brought them into touch with Chinese officialdom. The blueprints then drawn up in Chungking impressed them. "In a sense," they wrote, "the scientists of Chungking were far more revolutionary than the Communists, their promise for the future more vast and visionary; but their actual influence upon the real progress of the country was disappointingly small."

By the time they left China—in 1944—they realised that civil war was already planned. When the Japanese made headway, the Kuomintang leaders suddenly showed an interest in negotiations with the Communists. They ended suddenly when the Japanese were halted; or, as the Bands suggest, when they retreated rather than see a united China. For a brief period at the end of the war negotiations might have succeeded. But there were Kuomintang leaders who preferred to gamble on American support for Chinese feudalism. This is the tragedy of modern China and, indeed, for the world. *Dragon Fangs* is a valuable book because it helps us to understand that tragedy. DOROTHY WOODMAN

THREE SCRAP-BOOKS

I Was a Parson. By DAVID WATSON. *Gollancz. 8s. 6d.*

Sir Patrick Hastings' Autobiography. *Heinemann. 15s.*

A Film Star in Belgrave Square. By ROBERT HENREY. *Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.*

Each of these books contains selected fragments of personal experience; none of them is intended to be a complete record of a career, or even of a phase in a career. The best written and the most memorable is Mr. Watson's *I Was A Parson,* which is described as a spiritual autobiography. The choice of adjective is unfortunate; "spiritual" is an elastic word. I hope it will be fair to assume that by spiritual Mr. Watson accepts one of the many dictionary definitions: "pertaining to the soul" and/or "relating to sacred things," although I am not sure whether he would accept the same authority's definition of the soul as "the seat of life and intellect." Let us see. Mr. Watson states that "one who is not conscious of God as a living reality is himself spiritually dead," and that "When the human soul is first brought into the presence of God, it cowers naked and ashamed." During a later passage he tells us that "I had undergone certain *very definite* spiritual experiences," thus giving the impression that he himself became conscious of the living reality and the presence of God on certain specific occasions. Now the whole meaning of his book surely hangs upon the nature of these experiences. In what did they consist? What, exactly, were they? In fairness to the serious, painstaking and respectful reader, at least two should have been fully described. As it is, we start the book in a fog and end it in a desert. (But it is something to have created both of these in a volume of 140-odd pages; Mr. Henrey and Sir Patrick Hastings have done nothing so definite: as creators and as chroniclers they both fail lamentably in comparison with Mr. Watson.) Unaided, therefore, and indeed blindfold, the reader must traverse the dark and turbulent waters of Mr. Watson's progress by such factual stepping-stones as he has chosen to let fall for the spiritually dead and the intellectually uninformed; for Miss Maude Royden's preface is of no use at all in this respect, as it contributes nothing to our understanding of his case. Having decided that "life without God lacks meaning and purpose," Mr. Watson began his work of service to humanity as a Plymouth Brother; after three years he rejected this sect and became a priest of the Church of England; but he came to the conclusion that it was necessary to have had spiritual experiences before participating in the rites of the Church, and he could not bring himself to believe that all his parishioners had. Thus he found himself in a false position, partly because he was quixotically high-minded and "did not consider it right to use a position of authority in the Church as a means of enforcing my personal views." On this question he entered into dispute with his Bishop, a practical man, who "likened him to a novelist who had suddenly begun to have doubts about the alphabet." In an extremely moving passage Mr. Watson shows how he tried to combine the propagation of the Christian life as preached by Jesus of Nazareth with his duties as a parson and his battles with "the arrogance and dogmatism of the Church's hierarchy." He was, of course, as the weaned child playing in the cockatrice's den. He has now become a lay worker. Like all rebels, he is a little didactic; when he speaks of "my defiance of human institutions and incorrigible independence of mind" we cannot help sympathising with those set in authority over him; when he says that "to reject God . . . is to reduce oneself to the status of an infinitesimal speck in the midst of a chaotic conglomeration of material forces" one is forced to answer that the resultant feeling of insignificance might be rather salutary: and when he declares that "those who have had no personal experience of spiritual realities and of the supreme spirit should refrain from conjectures of which they know nothing," one can only reply by asking again, What is an experience of spiritual reality? Might one have had it without realising what it was? Why cannot it be described? In that section of *I Was a Parson* which he entitles "Retrospect" Mr. Watson shows himself as a succinct, interesting and knowledgeable writer. Perhaps he will one day apply his gifts to filling in those portions of his book which have been obscured and omitted.

Sir Patrick Hastings' fragment is that of an orthodox, confident and energetic man with no nonsense about him. His bracing, let's-get-on-with-it attitude, his conventional aphorisms, his mild philistinism and easy-going facetiousness have shaken up together into a fairly readable book in which the political section alone has a sincere and intuitive quality. The rest reads as if it had been written while Sir Patrick's mind was on something else or while he was resting from some much more important activity.

Mr. Robert Henrey's account of his eight-year-old son's installation as a star in that very remarkable production, *The Fallen Idol,* reminded me of those memoirs of modern royalty, wherein the principal characters are surrounded by an *aurora borealis* of charm, humour and sweetness. All the members of the unit, from the clapper boy to Mr. Carol Reed himself, were just as nice as they could possibly be; there was only one absolute rule of behaviour: you had to remember to call them by their Christian names. Ralph was splendid: Michèle was absolutely wonderful and just like anybody else when you got to know her: and as for Sonia, she was so glamorous that Bobby didn't think he *could* pretend to be frightened of her, but of course he did in the end, because Carol explained it all so nicely. . . . What will happen to Bobby Henrey when, in four years' time, he fetches up at Eton? Perhaps by then he will be able to produce an autobiographical fragment of his own and tell us what really happened at the Shepperton studios.

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British Birds. By WILFRID WILLETT. *Black. 8s. 6d.*

The author is an unusual combination—ornithologist and Marxist, a countryman for ever in love with the rain-washed English scene and an active trade union organiser of agricultural workers. The result is a book which is not merely an admirable introduction to the study of British birds, but also gives the reader fresh understanding of rural England. Through Mr. Willett's eyes, we see how the English scene was largely man-made, the fruit of hundreds of years of the labour of patient farm hands; how the coming of the combine harvester is having far-reaching effects upon our bird population; how the tenure of the swallow in the eaves of a tied cottage may be more secure than that of the labourer and his family within the walls. Mr. Willett writes simply and clearly, and his description of the movement and habits of different species should prove invaluable to the apprentice bird-watcher. With 16 colour plates and 44 line drawings, *British Birds*, at 8s. 6d. is remarkably good value.

Week-end Competitions

No. 979

Set by Allan M. Laing

The usual prizes are offered for a "trivium" (not more than 150 words) in the manner of the late Logan Pearsall Smith, on Gallup Polls. Entries by November 30th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 976

Set by Sebastian

The usual prizes are offered for a poem of twelve lines recalling the pleasures of the "Penny Dreadful." Entries by November 9.

Report by Sebastian

With Allan M. Laing and L. E. J. I am obliged to join the "unashamed Third Programme boys" and say:

The pleasure some boys took and sometimes take
In tales sadistic, full of crime and blood,
Was nipped for me, thank heaven, in the bud:
I knew not Deadwood Dick nor Sexton Blake.

What our parents were afraid of was the fate of Tom Ainsworth's new Shropshire Lad who had moved on from the Penny Blood to Sartre and Graham Greene. But prigs like us were few in this competition; most readers recalled, with an incredible affection, the corpse on One-Tree Hill, the girl in evening dress manacled to the railway line, and the tooth marks of the vampire. They were nearly all on Hassall Pitman's side:

O Deadwood Dick with heart afire
How often I, when in the choir
Would while away the sermon's age
With thee between the psalter's page.

I was never a choir boy; the occupation was considered too rough. I would like to print entries by M. H. Hodgson, S. W. H., E. M. W., Fred Milne, I. Holland Rogers, Chauve-Souris, Willy Tadpole, H. A. C. Evans, J. G. Brown, Richard Pomfret, Wm. Bliss, Jan Aeres and half a dozen others. Few entries celebrated *The Gem* and *The Magnet*, but those which did were sound anti-Orwellians. E. S. Turner (who wrote the book *Boys will Be Boys* which prompted this competition) is undoubtedly among the best three. He, R. J. P. Hewison and Tom Ainsworth are to have thirty shillings each. This leaves eighteen shillings apiece for P. Baggallay and W. J. Taylor-Whitehead.

Junior fui. The school had measles. We passed the time
(Subject is now object and object subject with ever increasing velocity)
Reading "bloods." That was the beginning.
For our delight, Sexton Blake and his boy assistant
(Whose name I forget) pursued between sewers and spheres
Chinks, thugs, crooks, Hindoos and shanghaied millionaires,
And (platonic remove) the shadow of Sherlock Holmes.
(Indianising themselves once, they forgot to leave pink their palms,
And were themselves detected by the swarthy servants of the God.)
Et nunc senui. Yet have I never seen Blake baffled,
Nor his author begging his bread.
Of his adventures, as of the beginning, let there be no end.

R. J. P. HEWISON

Ah Doris Dare! She held her own
With Blake and Lee. A girl half-grown,
Who grappled with the masked Unknown,
Who foiled the slickest slickers;
Who, serving Justice and the Right,
Was dragged by cars in frantic flight,
Or left to dangle from a kite
(While pterodactyls poised to bite),
Who leaped, with golden hair alight,
From clock-towers of appalling height,
Yet through it all stayed brave and bright,
And never showed her knickers.

E. S. TURNER

When I was young in Shropshire,
The books I browsed among
Would tell of rape and murder,
And how a man was hung.

Contented was I never
To read what others wrote;
I must needs try a razor—
On someone else's throat.

Now by the gallows waiting
I wish I never had
Picked up those penny dreadfuls
When I was a Shropshire lad.

TOM AINSWORTH

O for a bookshelf full of the old thrills!
Full of the raw, the shameless Feasts of Blood,
Where every cover, grim in black and red,
Shows how the villain kills;
Then may I read and hear the horrid thud
As bodies fall, and see the naked dead,
Chopped very small, encased in greasy crust.
At night, among the graves, an eldritch shriek
Tells me the Vampires suck the crimson stream
To quench their morbid lust.
Then can I turn my steps to Barking Creek,
And, drunk with opium, drift into a dream.

P. BAGGALLAY

Lovely blonde from smart Casino
Kidnapped by a Filipino
Helpless, stretched across a rail
Rescued by a handsome male.
Slit-eyed Chinese, hairy ape,
Finger found in roll of crepe.
Snake pits, dungeons, secret rays,
Poisoned dart in widow's stays,
Private Dick who solves it all
(Must be thin, keen-eyed and tall)
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For a penny—what a racket!

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

H.M. Colonial Service. Gold Coast Statistical Office. Applics. invited for follg. vacancies in Office of the Government Statistician in the Gold Coast. (1) Superintendent of Organisation and Methods: to be responsible for carrying out investigations into departmental methods of keeping records and statistics, and into accounting and cost accounting procedure, for the study of routine business in order to ensure efficient use of staff, and for enquiring into problems of mechanisation. He will advise on the planning of new work, and on all important changes in organisation of existing work. Sal., £1,400-£1,600 accdg. to qualifics. (incl. overseas pay). In first inst. on contract of 18-20 mths., to be renewable at discretion of the Govt. (2) Statistical Officers (3): to be responsible for planning and analysis of statistics. 1st or 2nd class hons. degree (or equiv. qualific.) reqd., in Statistics, Maths., Econs., or other appropriate main subjects combined with statistics. Candidates should have had wide practical exp. in statistical work. Sal.: 2 posts at £1,000 and 1 at £1,200 (incl. overseas pay). In first inst. on contract of 18-20 mths., to be renewable at discretion of the Govt. (3) Administrative Assistant: To relieve the Govt. Statistician of work connected with routine admin. Candidates should possess a degree in Econs. or Commerce (or equiv. qualific.), and some exp. in admin. work pref. in Govt. Depts., or large local authority. Sal.: Starting salary in scale £600-£970 accdg. to exp. but not higher than £800 p.a., incl. overseas pay. Pensionable appointment. (4) Supervisor of Calculating Pool: to be responsible for organisation of computing work, and training of staff. Candidates should have had wide exp. in advanced computing work. Sal.: £600 p.a. (incl. overseas pay). In first inst. on contract of 18-20 mths., to be renewable at discretion of the Govt. Write for applic. form, giving brief details of age, qualifics. and exp., quoting this advertisement, to Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith St. London, S.W.1, by Dec. 4.

ASST. Registrar of Statistics, Singapore. A vacancy exists in Singapore for an Asst. Registrar of Statistics. Applicants should possess an Econs. degree (incl. Maths. or Statistics) or a Bachelor of Commerce degree. Pref. will be given to candidates with exp. in statistical work. Duties of post are to assist in collection, collation and publication of Statistics and also in analysis of statistics of trade, production, industry, prices, etc. Sal.: $400 × $30-$900 per mth. (about £560-£1,260 p.a.), plus cost of living and expatriation allowances amounting to a min. combined total of $240 a mth. (£336 p.a.) for a single man, $290 per mth. (£406 p.a.) for a married man. Point of entry on this scale would be accdg. to qualifics. and exp. Age limit 35 unless special qualifics. and exp. can be offered by an older candidate aged between 35/45. Write for applic. form, quoting this advertisement, to Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Bldgs. Great Smith St. London, S.W.1, by Dec. 4.

NATAL Univ. College. (Shortly to become Univ. of Natal, Durban). Applics. invited for post of Lecturer in Department of English. Successful applicants will be expected to lecture in European and Non-European Sections of the University. This will involve lecturing at the week-end. Suitable adjustments of timetable will compensate lecturer during week for this encroachment on his time at week-end. Sal. scales are: Men, £550 × 25-£725; women, £425 × £25-£600. Cost of living allowance, at present amounting to £192 p.a. for married man and £50 p.a. for single person, is paid in addition. Initial sal. will be determined in accordance with qualifics. and exp. of successful applicant. Membership of Univ. Teacher's Provident Fund is compulsory. Further partics. and information as to method of application may be obtained from Sec., Assocn. of Universities of British Commonwealth, 32 Woburn Sq. London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics. is Nov. 30, 1948.

WEST Riding C.C. Early in 1949 the West Riding Educ. Cttee. hope to open Woolley Hall, a 17th-cent. house standing in its own grounds near Wakefield, as an information centre for teachers and a place where refresher courses can be held throughout the year. They invite applics. for post of Warden at salary of £850 p.a. for a man, or £750 p.a. for a woman, with free residence. The Warden will be generally responsible for work of the Hall and will be expected to relate it to the work of the Authority's advisory and inspectoral staff. In making appointment the Cttee. will attach more importance to a sincere concern for education and to an understanding of scholarship and of teachers' problems, than to specialist knowledge in a limited field. Forms of applic. and details of post obtainable from Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Wakefield, to whom they should be returned by Dec. 11.

BARROW-in-Furness Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited for full-time appointment as Social Worker in connection with Authority's Child Guidance Centre. Applicants must possess recognised Social Science Diploma or Certificate: some exp. of social work is desirable. Sal. scale, £300 a year rising by annual increments of £20 to £450 a year, subject to consideration in respect of any special additional qualifics. applicant may possess. Applic. forms & conditions of service obtainable from Chief Educ. Officer, Educ. Offices, John Whinnerah Institute, Barrow-in-Furness, to whom completed forms should be returned by Dec. 4.

Appointments Vacant—continued

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne. Applics. invited for position of Vice-Director of the Conservatorium of Music. Sal. £1,000 p.a., plus cost of living allowance (at present £90 p.a.), subject to superannuation contributions. Principal duties will be to assist the Ormond Professor and to act as Vice-Director of the Conservatorium; to lecture on theoretical subjects and on History, Literature and Aesthetics of Music; to examine for both the University and Australian Music Examinations Board. (For A.M.E.B. examining additional fees will be paid.) Conditions of appointment and information as to method of applic. may be obtained from Secy., Association of Universities of British Commonwealth, 32 Woburn Sq. London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics. is Nov. 30.

UNIV. of Otago. Dunedin, New Zealand. Applics. invited for position of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer (accdg. to qualifics.) in Classics. Annual rate of sal. (expressed in N.Z. currency) is: Asst. Lecturer, £425, rising by annual increments of £50 to £525. Lecturer, £625, rising by annual increments of £50 to £725. Payment of salary will commence from date on which appointee reports his arrival in Dunedin to the Registrar of the Univ. of Otago. Sal. will be paid in monthly instalments. Appointee will be reqd. to contribute to Teachers' Superann. Fund, for the benefits of which he will be eligible, or to make other provision for retirement satisfactory to the Council. Further partics. and information as to method of applic. may be obtained from Secy., Assocn. of Universities of British Commonwealth, 32 Woburn Sq. London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics. is Nov. 30, 1948.

HAMPSHIRE County Council. Applics. invited for post of whole-time Psychiatric Social Worker on the staff of the County Medical Officer. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate, or a Diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers, and should have had exp. in social work. Salary will be in accordance with the scale laid down by the Joint Negotiating Committee, namely, £370, rising by annual increments to £530 p.a. inclusive of cost of living allowance. Appointment will be subject to the provisions of Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Use of a car is essential for the appointment and if the officer's private car is used, travelling allowances will be paid on the County Scale for the time being in force. Applic. forms, with full details of the appointment, may be obtained from the County Medical Officer, The Castle, Winchester, to whom completed forms should be returned not later than Nov. 30, 1948.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Music Binder. Duties of the post include responsibility for maintenance and repair section of the Music Library. Candidates must be expd. in all types of binding and repairing of music, and should have had some exp. in the maintenance of band parts and all types of orchestral, vocal and instrumental scores. Sal. is fixed at £6 15*s.* 6*d.* p. wk. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Music N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose s.a.e.

THE Workers' Educational Assoc., Berks, Bucks & Oxon District. Applics. invited for post of Organiser for Oxfordshire. Person appointed will be reqd. to develop adult educational work and to promote and strengthen the organisation of the Workers' Educ. Assocn. Salary £400 p.a. Forms of applic. to be obtained from District Secy., W.E.A., Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford, to whom they must be returned by Dec. 4.

CITY of Oxford. Public Libraries. Applics. invited from Chartered Librarians for position of Children's Librarian at Central Library. Sal. A.P.T. Grade II (£420 p.a., rising by annual increments of £15 to max. of £465). Commencing sal. will be fixed according to age and exp. Candidates should have had exp. in admin. and supervision of a children's department, have wide kndge. of children's books and reading, and should pref. have had exp. in work with school libraries. Appointment will be subject to Natl. Scheme of Conditions of Service, Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937, and to successful candidate passing a medical exam. Canvassing, either directly/indirectly, will be a disqualification. Applics., stating age, prof. qualifications. and exp., tog. with one recent testimonial, and names of two other persons as refs., should be received by City Librarian at Central Library, St. Aldate's, Oxford, by Nov. 27, 1948, endorsed "Children's Librarian."

ESSEX Education Cttee. Applics. invited for post of Children's Librarian at Romford Branch of the County Library. Candidates should be Fellows or Associates of the Library Assocn. with suitable exp. Sal. scale £390 × £15-£435 p.a. Applic. forms and further partics. obtainable from Chief Educ. Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

EDUCATED woman reqd. for Headship of Sunshine Home Nursery School for Blind Children (vacancies at East Grinstead and Abbotskerswell, S. Devon). Exp. with young children essential. Sal. in case of Educationist would be Burnham Scale, plus residential emoluments, for other applicants according to qualifics. and exp.—in any case not less than £400 p.a., plus resid. emoluments. Applic. forms from Sec.-General, Natl. Institute for Blind, 224 Gt. Portland St. London, W.1.

BARNS Hostel School, Ancrum, Roxburghshire. Two qualified Teachers required in this Recog. Residential Special School for 40 difficult boys. General subjects plus Crafts or Remedial Work for backwardness. Individual teaching in small groups. Teviot scale plus full board. Apply Headmaster.

VEGETARIAN Cook-Caterer reqd. for Boys' School—50-60 boys. Partics. Housemistress, Springfield, Wycliffe Coll., Glos.

Appointments Vacant—continued

ASSISTANT Adoption Officer (woman between 30-40) reqd. Expd. in case work. Recognised qualific. an advantage. Post entails travelling and help in office. Write fully to C.E.O. (Boarding Out), Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Holborn. Experienced Youth Leader (woman) reqd. for Holborn Youth Centre, to work in conjunction with the existing leader (man). Salary £316 × £12 to £352, plus London Weighting according to age. Applics., on forms to be obtained from Town Clerk, Town Hall, High Holborn, W.C.1, must be returned by Dec. 4.

L.C.C. invites applics. for appointment of two Housemasters at Mile Oak Approved School for Boys, Portslade, Sussex. Housemasters will organise out of school activities; will be responsible for a group of boys; and will assist with court work and the recovery of absconders. Appointments are subject to approval of Home Office and candidates should have one of follg. qualifics.: considerable exp. of work with boys; be approved by Home Office for appointment as a Housemaster; or possession of a recog. qualific. such as a degree or diploma in social science. Positions are resident and single quarters only are provided. Home Office scale of sal., i.e. £305 to £570 p.a. varying according to age and exp., less £78 p.a. for board, lodging and laundry. Send s.a. env. for applic. form and further details to Educ. Officer (Estab. 6D/105), County Hall, London, S.E.1. (2088.)

L.C.C. Applics. invited for post of resident/non-resident Assistant Master at Anerley Residential School for Deaf Boys, Versailles Rd. S.E.20. Two positions available, one of which will carry an allowance of £50 over and above scale sal. subject to approval of Council on appointment. Candidates for position carrying the special allowance must hold the Deaf Diploma of Univ. of Manchester or Nat. College of Teachers of the Deaf. Other candidates must hold the Diploma or be prepared to obtain it within 3 yrs. of date of appointment. Sal.—Burnham (London) Scale with two special school increments carried beyond max., plus a further addtl. increment for holders of Deaf Diploma. Emoluments of board, lodging and washing in consideration of supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hours and at week-ends (or £104 in lieu in case of non-res. staff). Applic. forms from Educ. Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), returnable by Dec. 4.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby (co-educational 8-18) reqs. resident teacher to take charge Junior School (8-11). Mod. activity methods nature study, handwork important. Burnham. Apply Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

OXFORD, Wychwood School. Wanted in January, Music Mistress, resident or non-resident, for Piano, Singing and Musical Appreciation. Apply Vice-Principal.

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WANTED in January, 1949, young bachelor Master mainly to teach Latin, but also some general subjects to junior forms. Resident post. Apply with testimonials to the Headmaster, The Downs School, Colwall, Malvern.

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